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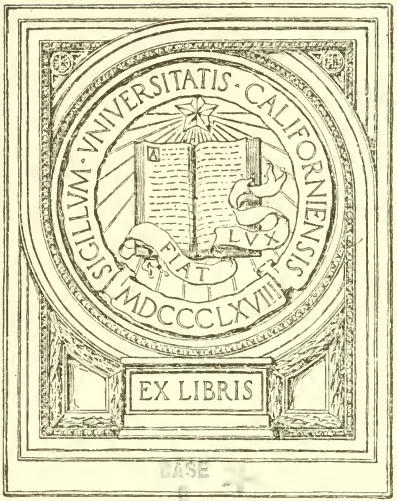

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks

[by Lo. Barry]

Date of earliest known original edition 1611

(*B.M.* 644, *b.* 1 *and Dyce copy*)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1913

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Ram-Alley

or Merry Tricks

[by Lo. Barry]

1611

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks

[by Lo. Barry]

1611

This play is reproduced from an original copy of the earliest known edition of 1611 *now in the British Museum. That copy, however, is imperfect, wanting two leaves,* B2 *and* B3. *These four pages have been supplied from the Dyce copy at South Kensington.*

For all that is known of Barry and this his only known play, students may consult the D.N.B.

This reproduction from the original is satisfactory having regard to its condition.

JOHN S. FARMER.

RAM-ALLEY:

Or

Merrie-Trickes.

A COMEDY

Diuers times here-to-fore acted.

By

the Children

of

the Kings Reuels.

VVritten by *Lo: Barrey.*

AT LONDON.
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Robert Wilson*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne,
at the new gate of Grayes Inne.
1611.

The Prologue.

HOme-bred mirth our Muſe doth ſing,
The Satyres tooth and Waſpiſh ſting,
Which moſt do hurt when leaſt ſuſpected,
By this Play are not affected;
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Sceanes,
Obſeruing all thoſe ancient ſtreames,
Which from the Horſe-foot fount do flow,
As Time, Place, Perſon, and to ſhow,
Things neuer done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits ſhall ſtand at ſtrife,
Whether the things now ſhewne be true,
Or whether we our ſelues now do,
The things wee but preſent: if theſe,
Free from the loathſome ſtage diſeaſe,
(So ouer-worne, ſo tirde and ſtale,
Not Satyrizing but to raile,)
May win your fauours, and inherit
But calme acceptance for his merit:
A vowes by Paper, Pen and Inke,
And by the learned Siſters drinke,
To ſpend his Time, his Lamps, his Oyle,
And neuer ceaſe his braine to toyle,
Till from the ſilent houres of night,
Hee doth produce for your delight.
Conceits ſo new, ſo harmleſſe free,
That Puritans them-ſelues may ſee
A Play, yet not in publike Preach,
That Players ſuch lewd doctrine teach
That their pure ioynts do quake and tremble,
When they doe ſee a man reſemble
The Picture of a Villaine: This
As hee a friend to Muſes is,
To you by mee a giues his word,
Is all his Play doth now affoord.

FINIS.

Actorum nomina.

Sir Oliuer Smale-ſhankes.
Iuſtice Tutchin.
Thomas Smale-ſhankes.
William Smaleſhankes.
Bouncher.
Lieftenant Beard.

Throte.
Captaine Face.
Daſh.
Three Gentlemen.
A Drawer.
Conſtable and Officers.

Women.

Lady Sommerfield.
Conſtantia Somerfield.
Francis.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Taffata.
Adriana.
Chamber-maide.

Actus 1. Scæna 1.

Enter Constantia *sola, with a letter in her hand.*

Const. IN this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes,
Could haue a generall note, I haue forsooke
My shape, my mother, and those rich demeanes,
Of which I am sole heyre: and now resolue,
In this disguise of Page to follow him,
Whose loue first caus'd me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine bloud stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches, me thinkes this cod-peece
Should betray mee: well, I will trye the worst,
Hether they say hee vsually doth come,
Whom I so much affect, what makes he heere,
In the skirts of *Holborne*, so neere the field,
And at a garden house, a has some punke
Vpon my life: no more heere he comes.

Enter Boutcher.

God saue you sir: your name vnlesse I erre,
Is maister *Thomas Boutcher*. *Bou.* 'Tis sweet boy. *Con. deliuers*
Con. I haue a letter for you. *Bou.* From whom ist, *the lett.*
Con. The inside sir will tell you; I shall see *hee reads it.*
What loue he beares me now. *Bou.* Th'art welcome boy.
How does the faire *Constantia Somerfield*,
My noble mistresse. *Con.* I left her in health.
Bou. Shee giues thee heere good words, and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a maister, be mine for euer.
Con. I thanke you sir: now shall I see the Punke. *he knocks.*

Enter William Small-shanke.

W. Sm. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you, what news,
Bout. You know my businesse well. I sing one song,
W. Sm. Foot, what would you haue me do, my land is gon,
My credit of lesse trust then Courtiers words,
To men of iudgment, and for my debts
I might deserue a Knight-hood; what's to be done?
The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe
To call me sonne; That little land a gaue,

Torste the Lawyer ſwallowed at one gob
For leſſe then halfe the worth and for the Citty
There be ſo many raſcals and tall yeomen
VVould hang vpon me for their maintenance,
Should I but peepe or ſtep within the gates,
That I am forſt onely to eaſe my charge,
To liue here in the ſuburbes: or in the towne
To walke in *Tenebris*. I tell you ſir,
Your beſt retired life is an honeſt Punke
In a thatcht houſe with Garlike: tell not mee,
My Punk's my Punke, and noble Letchery
Sticks by a man, when all his friends forſake him.
Bou. The Poxe it will, art thou ſo fenceleſſe growne,
So much indeared to thy beſtiall luſt,
That thy originall worth ſhould lye extinct
And buried in thy ſhame? fatre be ſuch thoughts
From ſpirits free and noble: begin to liue,
Know thy ſelfe, and whence thou art deriu'd,
I know that competent ſtate thy father gaue,
Cannot be yet conſum'd. W.S. 'Tis gon by heauen,
Not a denier is left. *Bou.* 'Tis impoſſible.
VV.S. Impoſſible zart, I haue had two ſuckers,
Able to ſpend the wealthy *Craſus* ſtore.

Enter Francis,

Bou. VVhat are they? VV.S. VVhy a Lawyer & a VVhore,
See heere comes one, dooſt thinke this petti-coate,
A perfu'md ſmock, and twice a weeke a bathe,
Can be maintain'd with halfe a yeares reuenews
No by heauen, wee Annuall yonger brothers,
Muſt go to't by hole-ſale, by hole-ſale man
Theſe creatures are maintain'd: her very face
Has coſt a hundred pound. *Fra.* Sir, thanke your ſelfe.
Cou. They keepe this whore betwixt them. *Fra.* You know
I did inioy a quiet country life, (ſir,
Spotleſſe and free, till you corrupted mee,
And brought me to the Court, I neuer knew,
VVhat ſleeking, glazing, or what preſſing meant,
Till you preferd me to your Aunt the Lady,
I knew no Iuorie teeth, no caps of heire,

No

No *Mercurie* water, *fucus*, or perſumes,
To helpe a Ladies breath, vntill your Aunt
Learnt me the common trick. *W.S.* The common trick
Say you, a poxe vpon ſuch common tricks,
They will vndoe vs all. *Gou.* And knowing this
Art thou ſo wilfull blind, ſtill to perſiſt
In ruine and defame? *W.S.* VVhat ſhould I doe?
I'aue paſt my word to keepe this Gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her owne content.
And what is a Gentleman but his word.
Bou. Why let her goe to ſeruice. *W.S.* To ſeruice,
Why ſo ſhee does, ſhe is my Landereſſe,
And by this light, no punie Inne a Court
But keepes a Landreſſe at his command
To doe him ſeruice, and ſhall not I, ha!
Fra. Sir, you are his friend (I loue him to)
Propound a courſe which may aduantage him,
And you ſhall finde ſuch reall worth in me,
That rather then Ile liue his hindrance,
I will aſſume the moſt penurious ſtate
The Citty yeelds, to giue me meanes of life.
W.S. Why ther's it, you heare her what ſhe ſayes,
VVould not he be damnd that ſhould forſake her,
Sayes ſhe not well, can you propound a courſe,
To get my forfit land, from yonder roague,
Parcell Lawyer, parcell Deuill, all Knaue,
Throate, throate. *Bou.* Not I. W.S. Why ſo, I thought as much,
You are like our Cittizens to men in need,
VVhich cry 'tis pitty, a propper Gentleman
Should want mony, yet not an vſuring ſlaue,
VVill lend him a denier, to helpe his wants,
VVill you lend me forty ſhillings. *Bou.* I will.
VV.S. VVhy God-amercy, there's ſome goodneſſe in thee,
Youle not repent. *Bou.* I will not. W.S. With that money
I will redeeme my forfit land, and wed
My Coccatrice to a man of worſhip,
To a man of worſhip by this light. *Bou.* But how?
VV. Thus: in Ramme-alley lies a fellow, by name
Throate; one that profeſſeth law, but indeed

Has

Has neither law nor conſcience, a fellow
That neuer ſaw the barre, but when his life
Was cald in queſtion for a cooſenage,
The Rogue is riche, to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir *Iohn Somerfield*. *Con.* How's that?
W. Is lately dead, and that my hopes ſtand faire
To get his onely daughter. If I ſpeed,
And haue but meanes to ſteale away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefeſt friend,
To entertaine vs till our nuptiall rites
May be accompliſht, and could you but procure
My elder brother meete me on the way,
And but aſſociate me vnto his houſe,
'Tweare hit ifaith, I'de giue my cunning *Throte*
An honeſt flit for all his tricks in lawe.
Bou. Why this ſhall be perform'd, take ther's my ſtore,
To friends all things are common. *W.S.* Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.
Bou. I will as carefully performe thy wiſh,
As if my fortunes lay vpon th'attempt.
W.S. When ſhall I heere from you. *Bou.* Within this houre
W.S. Let me alone for the reſt, if I gull not
And go beyond my open throted lawyer,
For all his booke cases of *Triceſimo nono*
And *Quaragesſimo octauo*; let mee
Like waiting Gentlewomen be euer bound,
To ſit vpon my heeles, and pick ruſhes,
Will you about this geere. *Bou.* With my beſt ſpeed.
W.S. Then fare you well, yole meete me. *Bou.* Without faile.
Exit Bouch. and *Page.*
W.S. Adue: now you pernicious Coccatrice,
You ſee how I muſt skelder for your good,
Ile bring you where you ſhall haue meanes to cheate,
If you haue grace enough to apprehend it.
Fra. Beleeue me loue, how ere ſome ſtricter wits,
Condemne all women which are prone to loue,
And thinke that if their fauour fall on any,
By conſequence they muſt be naught with many,
And hold a falſe poſition, that a woman

Falſe to her ſelfe, can truſty be to no man,
Yet know I ſay, how ere my life hath loſt
The fame which my Virginity aſpyr'd,
I will be true to thee, my deed ſhall mooue,
To win from all men pitty, if not loue.
W.S. Tut, I know thee a good raſcall, lets in,
And on with all your neate and fineſt ragges.
On with your cloake and ſaue-gard, you arrant drab,
You muſt cheate without all conſcience, filtch for thee & me.
Do but thou act what I ſhall well contriue,
Weele teach my Lawyer a new way to thriue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſſe Tafata, *and* Adriana *her maid aboue.*

Taf. Come lou'd *Adriana* heere let vs ſit,
And marke who paſſes; now for a wager,
What colourd bear'd comes next by the window?
Adr. A black mans I thinke. *Taf.* I thinke not ſo,
I thinke a redde, for that is moſt in faſhion,
Lord how ſcarce is the world of propper men
And gallants; ſure wee neuer more ſhall ſee
A good legge worne in a long ſilke ſtocking,
With a long cod-peece, of all faſhions
That carried it ifaith, what's he goes by?

Enter a Cittizen.

Adri. A ſniueling Cittizen, he is carrying ware, *Exit.*
Vnto ſome Ladies chamber: but who's this?

Enter T. Smal-ſhanke *reading a letter.*

Taf. I know him not, a lookes iuſt like a foole.
Adr. He's very braue a may be a Courtier,
Whats that a reads. *Taf.* Ah how light a treads
For durting his ſilke ſtockings, Ile tell thee what,
A witty woman may with eaſe diſtinguiſh,
All men by their noſes, as thus: your noſe
Tuſcan is lonely, large and brawde,
Much like a Gooſe, your valiant generous noſe,
A crooked, ſmooth, and a great puffing noſe,
Your ſchollers noſe is very freſh and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly ſmels,
His choppes of mutton, in his diſh of porrage.
Your Puritan noſe is very ſharpe and long,

And much like your widdows, and with eaſe can ſmell,
An edefying capon ſome fiue ſtreets off,
Enter Boutcher and Conſtantia.
Adr. O miſtris a very proper Gentleman,
Taf. And truſt me ſo it is, I neuer ſaw
A man that ſooner could captiue my thoughts
(Since I writ widdow) then this gentleman,
I would a would looke vp. *Adr.* Ile laugh ſo lowd
That he may heere me. *Taf.* Thats not ſo good.
Bou. And ſpake you with Maiſter *Smalſhanke.* *Con.* I did.
Bou. Will a meete his brother. *Con.* A ſaid a would,
And I beleeued him, I tell you maiſter
I haue done that for many of theſe gallants
That no man in this towne would do but I.
Bo. What is that boy. *Con.* Why truſt them on their words,
But will you heare the newes which now ſupplies,
The citty with diſcourſe. *Bou.* What is it wag.
Con. This ſir, they ſay ſome of our citty dames
Were much deſirous to ſee the Baboones
Doe their neweſt tricks, went, ſaw them, came home,
Went to bed, ſlept, next morning one of them,
Being to ſhift a ſmock, ſends downe her maide,
To warme her one, meane while ſhe gins to thinke
On the Baboones tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practiſe ſome, at laſt ſhe ſtroue,
To get her right leg ouer her head; thus:
And by her actiuity ſhe got it
Croſſe her ſhoulder: but not withall her power,
Could ſhe reduce it, at laſt much ſtrugling
Tumbles quite from the bed vpon the flower,
The maide by this return'd with the warme ſmock,
And ſeeing her miſtris throwne on the ground,
Truſt vp like a foote-ball, exclaimes, calls helpe,
Runnes downe amazd, ſweares that her miſtris neck
Is broke; vp comes her husband and neighbours,
And finding her thus trus'd, ſome flatly ſaid
She was bewitch, others ſhe was poſſeſt,
A third ſaid for her pride, the Diuell had ſet
Her face where her rumpe ſhould ſtand, but at laſt

Her

Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helpes her; she a shamed; her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbeare,
She tells them of the fatall accident,
To which one answers, that if her husband
Would leaue his trade, and carry his wife about
To doe this tricke in publike, she'd get more gold
Then all the Baboones, Calues with two tailes,
Or motions what soeuer. *Bon.* You are a wag.
Taf. He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.
Adr. Shall I cough or sneeze. *Taf.* No I ha't stand a side,
Aye me my handkercher *Adrian, Fabian.* *Adr.* Mistris,
Taf. Runne, runne, I haue let my handkercher fall,
Gentleman shall I intreate a curtesie?
Bon. Within my power your beauty shall command.
What curtesie ist. *Taf.* To stoope and take vp,
My handkercher. *Bon.* Your desire is performd.
Taf. Sir most hearty thankes: please you come in
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.
Bon. I accept your curtesie, ha! whats this?
Assaild by feare and hope in a moment.
Boucher, this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedome: shall smiles and eyes
With their lasciuious glances conquer him
Hath still beene Lord of his affections?
Shall simpring nisenesse load-stones but to fooles,
Attract a knowing spirit? it shall, it dooes,
Not *Phœbus* rising from *Auroras* lap,
Spreds his bright raies with more maiestique grace,
Then came the glances from her quickning eye,
And what of this. *Con.* By my troth I know not.
Bon. I will not enter: continued flames burne strong,
I yet am free, and reason keepes her seate,
Aboue all fond affections, yet is she faire.

Enter Adrian.

Adr. Sir I bring you thankes for this great curtesie,
And if you please to enter I dare presume,
My mistrisse will affoord you gracious welcome,
Bon. How do men call your mistris. *Con.* The mans in loue,

Adr. Her name sir is Mistris *Changeable*, late wife
To maister *Taffata* Mercer deceast.
Bou. I haue heard she is both rich and beautifull,
Adr. In th'eyes of such as loue her, iudge your selfe,
Please you but prick forward and enter.
Con. Now will I fall a boord the waiting maide,
Adr. Fall a boord of me doost take me for a ship?
Con. I, and will shoote you betwixt wind and water.
Adr. Blurt maister gunner, your linstocks too short.
Con. Foote how did she know that, dost here sweet heart,
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the maister is busie with the mistris,
Please you prick forwards, thou art a wench
Likely to goe the way of all flesh shortly.
Adr. Whose witty knaue art thou. *Con.* At your seruice.
Adr. At mine faith, I should breech thee. *Con.* How breech me.
Adr. I breech thee, I haue breech'd a taler man,
Then you in my time, come in and welcome.
Con. Well I see now a ritch well-practis'd baud,
May purse more fees in a summers progresse,
Then a well traded lawyer in a whole terme,
Pandarisme! why 't is growne a liberall science
Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will like the Brownist frequent grauell pits shortly,
For they vse woods and obscure holes already.

Enter Taffata and Boucher.

Not marry a widdow. *Bou.* No. *Taf.* And why?
Belike you thinke it base and seruant-like,
To feed vpon reuersion, you hold vs widdowes,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end
That hath had many fingers in't before,
And is reserv'd for grose and hungry stomacks.
Bou. You much mistake me. *Taf.* Come in faith you do:
And let me tell you thats but ceremony,
For though the Pye bee broken vp before,
Yet sayes the prouerbe, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capons wings and legges be caru'd,
The flesh left with the rumpe I hope is sweet.
I tell you sir, I haue beene woed, and sued to,

By

By worthy Knights of faire demeanes, nay more,
They haue bin out of debt, yet till this houre,
I neither could endure, to be in loue
Or be beloued, but proferd ware is cheape.
Whats lawfull thats loathd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite persude:
I am too yeelding. *Bou.* You mistake my thoughts:
But know thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skild in vnknowne fate, then was,
The blind *Achaian* Prophet, It was foretold,
A widdow should endanger both my life,
My soule, my lands, and reputation,
This checks my thoughts, and cooles th'essentiall fire,
Of sacred loue; more ardent in my breast
Then speech can vtter. *Taf.* A triuiall Idle iest,
Tis for a man, of your repute and note,
To credit fortune-tellers, a petty rogue,
That neuer saw fiue shillings in a heape,
Will take vpon him to diuine mens fate,
Yet neuer knowes himselfe shall dye a begger,
Or be hanged vp for pilfering table-cloaths,
Shirts and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges,
Tis meerely base, to trust them, or if there be,
A man in whom the *Delphick* God hath breath'd
His true diuining fire; that can foretell,
The first decree of fate, he likewise knowes,
What is within the euerlasting booke
Of Destiny decreed, cannot by wit,
Or mans Inuention be dissolued, or shund,
Then giue thy loue free scope, imbrace and kisse,
And to the distaffe sisters leaue th'euent.
Bou. How powerfull are their words whom we affect,
Small force shall need, to win the strongest sort,
If to his state the Captaine be perfidious,
I must intreate you licence my depart
For some few houres. *Taf.* Choose what you will of time,
There lyes your way. *Bou.* I will intreate her, stay.
Taf. Did you call sir. *Bou.* No. *Taf.* Then fare you well.
Bou. Who gins to loue, needs not a second Hell. *Exit. Adr*

Taf. Adriana, makes ano stay. *Adr.* Mistris?
Taf. I prythee see if hee haue left the house,
Peepe close, see, but be not seene: is a gon.
Adr. No, has made a stand. *Taf.* I prethee keepe close.
Ad. Nay, keep you close, y'ad best *Taf.* What does he now?
Adr. Now a retires. *Bon.* O you much partiall gods,
Why gaue you men affections, and not a power
To gouerne them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect, a widdow, a widdow.
Taf. Blowes the wind there? *Adr.* A ha, h'is in i faith,
Yo'aue drawne him now within your purlews mistresse,
Bon. Tut I will not loue, my rationall
And better parts shall conquer blind affections,
Let passion children, or weake women sway,
My loue shall to my iudgment still obay.
Taf. What does he now? *Adr.* He's gon. *Taf.* Gon *Adriana*.
Adr. A went his way, and neuer look't behind him.
Taf. Sure he's taken. *Adr.* A little sing'd or so,
Each thing must haue beginning, men must prepare
Before they can come on, and show their loues
In pleasing sort: the man will doe in time,
For loue good Mistresse is much like to waxe,
The more 'tis rub'd, it sticks the faster too,
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
The moore a labours, still the deeper in.
Taf. Come, thou must helpe me now, I haue a trick
To second this beginning, and in the nicke,
To strike it dead i faith, women must woe,
When men forget what Nature leads them too.
Enter Throte the Lawyer from his study, bookes and bags of money on a Table, a chaire and cushion.
Thr. Chast *Phœbe*, *splendes* there's that left yet,
Next to my booke, *Claro micante Aura*,
I that's the soule of lawe: that's it, that's it,
For which the Buckrome bag must trudge all weathers:
Though scarcely fild with one poore replication,
How happy are we that we ioy the law,
So freely as we doe; not bought and sold,
But clearly giuen, without all base extorting,

Taking

Taking but bare ten Angels for a fee,
Or vpward: to this renown'd eſtate,
Haue I by indirect and cunning meanes,
In-wouen my ſelfe, and now can ſcratch it out,
Thruſt at a barre, and cry my Lord as lowd,
As ere a lifted gowne man of them all.
I neuer plead before the honor'd bench,
But bench right-worſhipfull of peacefull Iuſtices
And Country-Gentlemen, and yet I'aue found
Good gettings by the Maſſe, beſides od cheates,
Will Small-ſhankes lands, and many garboyles more,
Daſh. *Daſh.* Sir. *Thr.* Is that reioynder done. *Da.* Done ſir.
Thr. Haue you drawn't at length, haue you daſht it out,
According to your name. *Daſ.* Some ſeauen-ſcore ſheetes.
Thr. Is the demurror drawne twixt *Snip* and *Woodcock*,
And what do you ſay to *Peacocks* pittifull bill,
Daſ. I haue drawne his anſwer negatiue to all.
Thr. Negatiue to all. The plaintiue ſayes,
That *William Gooſe*, was ſonne to *Thomas Gooſe*,
And will a ſweare the generall bill is falſe.
Daſ. A will. *Thr.* Then he forſweares his father, tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before our ſelues; has a paide all his fees.
Daſ. A left them all with me. *Thr.* Then truſſe my points,
And how thinkſt thou of law? *Daſ.* Moſt reuerently,
Law is the worlds great light, a ſecond ſunne,
To this terreſtriall Globe, by which all things
Haue life and being, and without which
Confuſion and diſorder ſoone would ſeaze
The generall ſtate of men, warres, outrages,
The vlcerous deeds of peace, it curbes and cures,
It is the kingdomes eye, by which ſhee ſees
The acts and thoughts of men. *Thr.* The kingdomes eye,
I tell thee foole, it is the kingdomes noſe,
By which ſhe ſmels out all theſe rich tranſgreſſors,
Nor iſt of fleſh, but meerely made of wax,
And 'tis, within the power of vs Lawyers,
To wreſt this noſe of waxe which way we pleaſe:
Or it may be as thou ſaiſt an eye indeed.

But if it be, tis ſure a womans eye *knocks within.*
Thats euer rowling. *Daf.* one knocks. *Thr.* Go ſee who tis,
Stay, my chaire, and gowne, and then go ſee who knocks,
Thus muſt I ſeeme a Lawyer which am indeed,
But meerly dregs and offſcum of the Law; *Ent. Bon. Daſh.*
Tricesimo primo Alberti Magni, *and Conſta.*
Tis very cleere. *Bon.* God ſaue you ſir.
Thr. The place is very pregnant, Maiſter *Boucher*;
Moſt harty welcome ſir, *Bon.* You ply this geere,
You are no trewant in the law, I ſee.
Thr. Faith ſome hundred bookes in folio I haue
Turnd ouer to better my owne knowledge,
But that is nothing for a ſtudient.
Bon. Or a Stationer they turne them ouer too,
But not as you doe gentill Maiſter *Throte*,
And what? the Law ſpeakes profit does it not?
Thr. Faith ſome bad angels haunt vs now and then,
But what brought you hether. *Bon.* Why theſe ſmall legs,
Thr. You are conceited ſir. *Bon.* I am in Law,
But let that goe, and tell me how you doe,
How does *Will Smallſhankes* and his louely bride.
Th. Introth you make me bluſh, I ſhould haue askt,
His health of you, but tis not yet too late.
Bon. Nay good ſir *Throat* forbeare your quillets now.
Thr. By Heauen I deale moſt plaine, I ſaw him not,
Since laſt I tooke his Morgage. *Bon.* Sir be not nice,
(Yet I muſt needs herein commend your loue)
To let me ſee him; for know I know him wed,
And that a ſtole away *Sommerfields* heire,
Therefore ſuſpect me not I am his friend.
Thr. How wed to ritch *Sommerfields* onely heyre,
Is old *Sommerfield* dead? *Bon.* Do you make it ſtrange?
Thr. By heauen I know it not. *Bon.* Then am I greeued
I ſpake ſo much (but that I know you loue him)
I ſhould intreat your ſecreſie ſir, fare you well.
Thr. Nay good ſir ſtay, if ought you can diſcloſe
Of Maiſter *Smale-ſhankes* good, let me partake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.
Bon. You much indeere him ſir, and from your loue,

I dare

I dare presume you make your selfe a fortune
If his faire hopes proceed. *Thr.* Say on good sir.
Bou. You will be secret. *Thr.* Or be my tongue rorne out.
Bou. Measure for a Lawyer, but to the point,
Has stole *Somerfields* heyre hether a brings her
As to a man on whom a may relye
His life and fortunes: you hath a named
Already for the Steward of his lands,
To keepe his Courts, and to collect his rent,
To let out Leases and to raise his fines,
Nothing that may, or loue, or profit bring,
But you are named the man. *Thr.* I am his slaue,
And bound vnto his noble curtesie,
Euen with my life, I euer said a would thriue,
And I protest I kept his forfeit morgage,
To let him know what tis to liue in want.
Bour. I thinke no lesse, one word more in priuate.
Con. Good Maister *Dash*, shall I put you now a case.
Dash. Speake on good Maister *Page*. *Con.* Then thus it is,
Suppose I am a Page, he is my Maister,
My Maister goes to bed and cannot tell
What money's in his hose, I ere next day
Haue filcht out some, what action lyes for this.
Dash. An action boy, cald firking the Posteriors,
With vs your action sildome comes in question:
For that tis knowne that most of your Gallants
Are sildome so well stor'd, that they forget
What money's in their hose, but if they haue,
There is no other kelpe then sweare the page
And put him to his oath. *Con.* Then fecks-law,
Dost thinke that he has conscience to steale,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny.
Then hang him vp ifaith. *Bou.* I must meet him,
Thr. Commend me to them, come when they will,
My doores stand open and all within is theirs,
And though Ramme-alley stinks with Cookes and Ale,
Yet say ther's many a worthy lawyers chamber,
Buts vpon Ram-alley, I haue still an open throte,
If ought I haue which may procure his good,

Bid him command, I, though it be my blood. *Ex.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Oliuer Smaleſhanke, Tho: Smaleſhanke.

S.Oli. Is this the place you were appointed to meete him.

Th.S. So Boutcher ſent me word. *S.O.* I find it true,
That wine, good newes, and a yong holſome wench
Cheere vp an old mans blood, I tell thee boy,
I am right harty glad, to heare thy brother
Hath got ſo great an heire; now were my ſelfe,
So well beſtowed I ſhould reioyce i faith.

T.S. I hope you ſhall do well. *S.O.* No doubt, no doubt,
A ſirra has a borne the wench away.
My ſonne i faith, my very ſonne i faith,
When I was yong and had an able back,
And wore the briſſell on my vpper lippe,
In good *Decorum* I had as good conuayance,
And could haue ferd, and ferkt y'away a wench,
As ſoone as eare a man aliue; tut boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, ſmyles and other quirkes,
Noe Courtier like me, your Courtiers all are fooles,
To that which I could doe, I could haue done it boy.
Euen to a hate, and that ſome Ladies know,

Th.S. Sir I am glad this match may reconcile,
Your loue vnto my brother. *S.O.* Tis more then ſo.
Ile ſeeme offended ſtill though I am glad.

Enter W.Smalſhanke, Francis, Beard booted.

Has got rich *Sommer-fields* heyre. *W.S.* Come wench of gold,
For thou ſhalt get me gold, beſides odde ends
Of ſiluer: weele purchaſe houſe and land,
By thy bare gettings, wentch, by thy bare gettings,
How ſaieſt Lieftenant *Beard*, does ſhe not looke
Like a wench newly ſtole from a window?

Beard Exceeding well ſhe carries it by *Loue*,
And if ſhe can forbeare her Rampant trick,
And but hold cloſe a while twill take by *Mars*.

Fra. How now you ſlaue? my rampant tricks you rogue,
Nay feare not me my onely feare is ſtill,

Thy

Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,
VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head
Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
And being vncurld and black as cole,
Doth show some scullion in a hole
Begot thee on a Gipsie, or
Thy mother was some Colliers whore:
My rampant tricks you rogue, thou't be descride
Before our plot be ended. W.S. What should descry him,
Vnlesse it be his nose? and as for that;
Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,
And for thy loue is likewise runne away,
Nay sweet Lieftenant now forbeare to puffe,
And let the brissels of thy beard grow down-ward,
Reuerence my Punke and Pandarize a little,
Ther's many of thy ranke that doe professe it,
Yet hold it no disparagment. *Bea.* I shall doe,
VVhat fits an honest man. *Wi.* S. VVhy thats enough,
Foote my Father, and the goose my brother,
Back you two. *Bea.* Back. W.S. Retire sweet Leiutenant,
And come not on, till I shall waue you on.
S.O. Is not that he. *T.S.* Tis he. S.O. But wheres the wench.
W.S. It shalbe so, Ile cheate him thats flat.
S.O. You are well met, know yee me good sir,
Belike you thinke I haue no eyes, no eares,
No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,
Y'haue stole sir *Somerfields* heire, nay we can finde,
Your wildest paths, your turnings and returnes,
Your traces, squats, the mussers, formes and holes,
You yongmen vse, if once our sagest wits
Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,
Haue you hid your head within a suburbe hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?
W.S. 'Tis a starke lye. *S.O.* How? W.S. who told you so (did lye,
Foote, a Gentleman cannot leaue the Citty
And keepe the suburbs to take a little Phisick,
But straite some slaue will say he hides his head;
I hide my head within a suburbe hole,

I could haue holes at Court to hide my head,
Were I but ſo diſpoſd. *Sir Ol.* Thou varlet knaue,
T'haſt ſtolne away Sir *Iohn Somerfields* heire,
But neuer looke for countenance from me,
Carry her whether thou wilt. *W.S.* Father, fathen,
Zart will you vndoe your poſterity.
Will you ſir vndoe your poſterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang my ſelfe,
And where is then your houſe, make me not diſpare,
Foote now I haue got a wench, worth by the yeare
Two thouſand pound and vpwards, to croſſe my hopes:
Would ere a clowne in Chriſtendom doo't but you.
Th.S. Good Father, let him leaue this thundring,
And giue him grace. *W.S.* Why law, my brother knowes
Reaſon, and what an honeſt man ſhould doe. (behind,
S. Ol. Well, where's your wife. *W.S.* Shees comming here
S.Ol. Ile giue her ſome-what, though I loue not thee.
W.S. My father right, I knew you could not hold
Out long with a woman, but giue ſome-thing
Worthy your gift and her acceptance father,
This chaine were excellent by this good light,
Shee ſhall giue you as good, if once her lands

Enter Francis, Beard.

Come to my fingring. *S.O.* Peace knaue, whats ſhe your wife?
W.S. That ſhall be ſir. *S.Ol.* And whats he. *W.S.* My man.
S.Ol. A Ruffian Knaue a is. *W.S.* A Ruffian ſir,
By heauen, as tall a man as ere drew ſword,
Not being counted of the damned crew,
A was her fathers Butler, his name is *Beard*,
Of with your Maske, now ſhall you finde me true.
And that I am a ſonne vnto a Knight,
This is my father. *S.Ol.* I am indeed faire maide,
My ſtile is Knight: come let me kiſſe your lips.
W.S. That kiſſe ſhall coſt your chaine. S.O. It ſmacks i faith,
I muſt commend your choiſe. *Fra.* Sir I haue giuen
A larger venture then true modeſty
Will well allow, or your more grauer wit
Commend. *W.S.* I dare be ſworne ſhe has. *S. Ol.* Not ſo.
The fooliſh knaue ha's beene accounted wilde,

And

And so haue I, but I am now come home,
And so will he. *Fra.* I must beleeue it now.
W.S. Beg his chaine wench. *Be.* Wil you cheat your father?
W.S I by this light will I. *S.Ol.* Nay sigh not,
For you shall finde him louing and me thankfull:
And were it not a scandall to my honour,
To be consenting to my sonnes attempt,
You should vnto my house, meane while take this,
As pledge and token of my after loue:
How long since dyed your father. W.S. Some six weeks since.
We cannot stay to talke, for slaues pursue,
I haue a house shall lodge vs till the Priest
May make vs sure. *S.Ol.* Well sirra, loue this woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,
Shee shall be welcome. W.S. I humbly thanke you sir.
S.Ol. I must be gone, I must a wooing too.
W.S. *Ioue* and *Priapus* speed you, youle returne.
Exit Sir Oliuer and Thom: Small-shanke.
*Th.*S. Instantly W. S. Why this came cleanly off,
Giue me the chaine, you little Cockatrice,
Why this was luck, foote foure hundred crownes,
Got at a clap, hold still your owne you whore,
And we shall thriue, *Ben.* Twas brauely fetcht about.
W. S. I, when will your nose and beard performe as much.
Fra. I am glad he is gon, a put me to the blush,
When a did aske me of ritch *Somerfields* death.
W.S. And tooke not I my q: wast not good,
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
Without a counterbuffe? looke who comes heere,
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men bee wee a.
Enter Boucher and Constantia.
Bou. Still in this vaine, I haue done you seruice,
The Lawyers house will giue you entertainment,
Bountifull and free. W.S. O my second selfe,
Come let me busse thy beard, we are all made,
Why att so melancholly, doost want money?
Looke heer's gold, and as we passe along,
Ile tell thee how I got it, not a word

But that shee's *Somerfields* heyre, my brother
Swallowes it with more ease, then a Dutchman
Does flap-Dragons: a comes, now to my Lawyers:
Enter T. Smallshanke.
Kisse my wife, good brother; shee is a wench
Was borne to make vs all. *Th.S.* I hope no lesse,
Yo'are welcome sister into these our parts,
As I may say. *Fra.* Thankes gentle brother.
W.S. Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lye,
Till I prouide a Priest, *Bon.* O villany!
I thinke a will gull his whole generation,
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
Ile not forsake him, till his hopes be wonne. *Exeunt.*
Enter Throte, and two Cittizens.
Thr. Then y'are friends. *Both.* We are, so please your worship.
Thr. 'Tis well, I am glad, keepe your mony, for law
Is like a Butlers box: while you two striue,
That picks vp all your mony, you are friends,
Both. We are so please you, both perfit friends. *Th.* Why so,
Now to the next Tap-house, there drinke downe this,
And by the opperation of the third pot,
Quarrell againe, and come to me for law:
Fare you well. *Both.* The Gods conserue your wisdom. *E. Cit.*
Thr. Why so, these are tricks of the long fifteenes,
To giue counsell, and to take fees on both sides,
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them,
Why this thriues well, this is a common trick:
When men haue spent a deale of mony in law,
Then Lawyers make them friends: I haue a trick
To go beyond all these, if *Small-shanke* come
And bring rich *Somerfields* heyre, I say no more,
But 'tis within this skonse to goe beyond them.
Enter Dash.
Das. Here are Gentlemen in hast would speake with you.
Thr. What are they? *Das.* I cannot know them sir,
They are so wrapt in Cloakes. *Thr.* Haue they a woman?
Das. Yes sir, but shee's Maskt, and in her riding sute.
Thr. Goe, make hast, bring them vp with reuerence,
Oh are they ifaith, has brought the wealthy heire:

Theſe ſtooles and cuſhions ſtand not handſomly.

Enter William Smalſhanke, Bountcher, Thomas Smalſhanke, Francis and Beard

W.S. Bleſſe thee *Throte*, *Thr.* Maiſter *Smalſhanke* welcome.

VV.S. Welcome loue, kiſſe this Gentlewoman, *Throte*,

Thr. Your wotſhip ſhall command me. *W.S.* Art not weary.

Bou. Can you blame her ſince ſhe has rid ſo hard?

Thr. You are welcome Gentlemen,—Daſh. *Daſ.* Sir.

Thr. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.

VV.S. I that's well ſaid, we are almoſt weary,
But Maiſter *Throte*, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this Gentlewoman,
VVe are not here, nor haue you heard of vs.

Thr. Not a word ſir, heere you are as ſafe
As in your fathers houſe. *T.S.* And he ſhall thanke you.

W.S. Th'art not merry loue, good maiſter *Throte*
Bid this Gentlewoman welcome: ſhe is one
Of whom you may receiue ſome courteſie
In time. *Thr.* She is moſt harty welcome,
VVilt pleaſe you walke into another roome.
VVhere is both bed and fire, *VV.Sm.* I, I, that that
Good brother lead her in, Maiſter *Throte* and I
VVill follow inſtantly, now Maiſter *Throte* *Exit.*
It reſts within your power to pleaſure me,
Know that this ſame is ſir *Iohn Somerfields* Heire,
Now if ſhe chance to queſtion what I am,
Say ſonne vnto a Lord, I pray thee tell her
I haue a world of land, and ſtand in hope
To bee created Barron, for I proteſt
I was conſtrain'd to ſweare it forty times,
And yet ſhee'le ſcarce beleeue me. *Thr. Pauca ſapienti,*
Let me alone to ſet you out in length
And breadth: VV.S. I prethee doo't effectually:
Shat haue a quarter ſhare by this good light,
In all ſhe has, I prethee forget not
To tell her the *Smal-ſhankes* haue beene dancers,
Tilters, and very antient Courtiers,
And in requeſt at Cout ſince ſir *Iohn Short-hoſe*.
VVith his long ſilke ſtockings was beheaded,

VVilt

Wilt thou do this? *Thr.* Referre it to my care.
W.Sm. Excellent, Ile but shift my bootes, and then
Goe seeke a Priest, this night I will be sure.
If we be sure, it cannot be vndone,
Can it Maister *Throte*? *Thr.* O sir not possible:
You haue many Presidents and booke Cases for't,
Bee you but sure and then let me alone.
Viuat Rex, currat Lex, and Ile defend you.
W.S. Nay then hang care, come lets in. *Thr.* Aha,
Haue you stole her, *fallere fallentem non est fraus*. *Exit* W.S.
It shall goe hard but I will strip you boy.
You stole the wench, but I must her insoy.
Enter Mistris Taffata, Adriana, below,
Come *Adriana*, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom thinkst thou (for me) the fittest husband,
What saist thou to yong *Boucher*. *Adri.* A pretty fellow.
But that his back is weake. *Taf.* VVhat doost thou say
To *Throte* the Lawyer? *Adri.* I like that well,
VVere the Rogue a Lawyer, but he is none,
Hee neuer was of any Inne-of-court;
But Inne of Chancery, where a was knowne,
But onely for a swaggering whyfler,
To keepe out rogues, and prentises, I saw him,
VVhen a was stockt for stealing the cookes fees.
A Lawyer I could like, for tis a thing,
Vsed by you Cittizens wiues, your husbands dead;
To get french hoods you straight must Lawyers wed.
Taff. What saist thou then to Nimble Sir *Olin. Smal-shank*
Adr. Faith he must hit the haire: a fellow fit,
To make a pritty Cuckold. take an old man,
Tis now the newest fashion, better be
An old mans darling then a young mans wailing,
Take me the old briske knight, the foole is ritch,
And will be strong enough to father children,
Though not to get them. *Taff.* Tis true he is the man,
Yet will I beare some dozen more in hand,
And make them all my gulls, *Adr.* Mistris stand aside.
Enter Boutcher, and Constantia,
Young

Young *Boutcher* comes, let me alone to touch him,
Bou. This is the house. *Con.* And thats the chamber-maide.
Bou. VVhers the widdow gentle *Adriana*,
Adr. The VViddow sir is not to be spoken to,
Bou. Not spoke to, I must speake with her. *Adr.* must you?
Come you with authority, or do you come
To sue her with a warrant that you must speake with her.
Bou. I would intreat it. *Adr.* O you would intreat it,
May not I serue your turne, may not I vnfold,
Your secrets to my Mistris, loue is your sute,
Bou. It is faire creature. *Adr.* And why did you fall off
VVhen you perceiued my mistris was so cunning,
D'you thinke she is still the same. *Bou.* I doe. *Adr.* VVhy so,
I tooke you for a nouice: and I must thinke,
You know not yet the inwardes of a woman,
Doe you not know that wowen are like fish,
VVhich must be strooke when they are prone to bite,
Or all your labours lost, but sir walke here.
And Ile informe my Mistris your desires, (boy
Con. Maister *Bou.* boy. *Con.* come not you for loue, *Bou.* I do
Co. And you would haue the widdow. *Bo.* I would *Co.* by *Ioue*,
I neuer saw one goe about his busines
More vntowardly: why sir, do not you know,
That he which would be inward with the Mistris
Must make a way first through the waiting mayde?
If youle know the widdowes affections
Feele first the waiting Gentle-woman, do it Maister,
Some halfe a dozen kisses were not lost,
Vppon this Gentle-woman, for you must know,
These waiting maides are to their mistresses
Like Porches vnto doores, you passe the one
Before you can haue entrance at the other.
Or like your musterd to your peece of brawne,
If youle haue one tast well you must not skorne
To be dipping in the other, Itell you Maister
Tis not a few mens tales which they preferre,
Vnto their Mistresses in compasse of a yeare,
Be ruld by me, v ntrusse your selfe to her,
Out with all your loue-sicke thoughtes to her,

Kisse her and giue her an angell to buy pinnes,
And this shall sooner winne her Mistris loue,
Then all your protestations, sighes and teares,
Enter Taffata, Adriana.
Here they come: to her bouldly Maister,
Doe, but dally not, thats the widdowes phrase,
Bou. Most worthy faire such is the power of loue,
That now I come t'accept your profered grace:
And with submissiue thoughtes t'entreat a pardon,
For my so grosse neglect. *Taff.* Thers no offence,
My mind is changed. *Adr.* I told you as much before,
Con. With a hey passe with a repasse. *Bou.* Deerest of women,
The constant vertue of your nobler mind,
Speakes in your lookes: Nor can you entertaine
Both loue and hate at once. *Taff.* Tis all in vaine, (Maister
Adr. You striue against the streame. *Co.* Fee the waiting maid
Bou. Stand thou propitious, indeere me to my loue
Boutcher giues Adriana his purse secretly.
Adr. Deere Mistresse turne to this Gentleman, I protest,
I haue some feeling of his constant loue,
Cast him not away; try his loue. *Taf.* Why sir,
With what audatious front can you intreat
To inioy my loue, which yet not two howers since,
You scornefully refus'd. *Con.* Wel fare the waiting maide.
Bou. My fate compeld me but now farewell fond feare,
My soule, my life, my lands, and reputation,
Ile hazard all and prize them all beneath thee.
Taff. which I shall put to triall, lend me thy eare,
Adr. Can you loue boy. *Co* Yes, *Ad.* what or whom. *Co* My
Adr. A pretty knaue, ifaith come home to night, (victuals
Shalt haue a posset and candi'd Eringoes,
A bed if need be to. I loue a life,
To play with such Baboones as thou. *Con.* indeed?
But doost thou thinke the widdow will haue my maister.
All. Ile tel thee then, wo't come, *Con.* I wil. *Ad.* Remember
Taf. Wil you performe so much. *Bou.* Or loose my bloud.
Taf. Make him subscribe it, and then I vow,
By sacred *Vestaes* euer hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed, *Bou.* Til then farewell. (*Exe. Taff.*

Taff. Hees worthy loue whoſe vertues moſt excell.
Adr. Remember, what iſt a match betwixt you Miſtreſſe?
Taff. I haue ſet the foole in hope, h'as vndertooke
To rid me of that fleſhly Captaine *Face.*
Which ſweares in tauernes and all ordinaries,
I am his lawfull wife: heſhall allay,
The fury of the Captaine, and I ſecure,
Will laugh at the diſgrace they both indure. (*Exit.*

Enter Throate and Francis.

Thr. Open your caſe and I ſhall ſoone reſolue you.
Fra. But will you doe it truely, *Th.* As I am honeſt.
Fra. This Gentleman whom I ſo much affect,
I ſcarſly yet doe know, ſo blind is loue
In thinges which moſt concernes it. As y'are honeſt,
Tell me his birth, his ſtate, and fartheſt hopes
Thr. He is my friend and I will ſpeake him truely,
He is by birth, ſonne to a fooliſh Knight,
His preſent ſtate I thinke wil be the priſon,
And fartheſt hope to be baild out againe,
By ſale of al your land, *Fra.* O me accurſt,
Has a no credit Lands and Mannors.
Thr, That lands he has lies in a faire Churchyard,
And for his manners they are ſo rude and vile,
That ſcarſe an honeſt man wil keepe him company,
Fra. I am abuſed cooſned and deceiued.
Thr Why thats his occupation: hee will cheate,
In a cloake lin'd with Veluet, a wil prate
Faſter then fiue Barbers, and a Taylor.
Ly faſter then ten Citty occupiers,
Or cunning tradſmen: goes a truſt
In euery Tauerne, where has ſpent a fagot,
Sweares loue to euery whoore, ſquires baudes,
And takes vp houſes for them as their huſband
A is a man I loue and haue done much
To bring him to preferment. *Fra.* Is there no truſt,
No honneſty in men *Thr.* Faith ſome there is,
And tis all in the hands of vs Lawyers
And women: and thoſe women which haue it,
Keepe their honeſty ſo cloſe, that not one,

A mongſt a hundred is perceiued to haue it.
Fra. Good ſir, may I not by law forſake him
And wed another, though my word be paſt
To be his wife. *Thr.* O queſtionleſſe you may;
You haue many Preſidents and booke-caſes for't,
Nay, though you were married by a booke-caſe,
Of *Mileſimo ſexcenteſimo, &c.*
You may forſake your husband, and wed another,
Prouided that ſome fault be in the husband:
As none of them are cleare. *Fra.* I am reſolu'd,
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.
Thr. All that I haue is yours, and were I worthy
To be your husband. *Fra.* I thanke you ſir,
I will rather wed a moſt perfidious Redſhanke,
A noted Iewe, or ſome Mechanick ſlaue,
Then let him ioy my ſheets. *Thr.* A comes, a comes.
Enter W. Smal. Boutcher, T. Smal. Beard.
W. S. Now my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-ſure,
I haue a Prieſt will mumble vp a marriage,
Without bell, booke, or candle, a nimble ſlaue,
An honeſt VVelſh-man that was a Taylor,
But now is made a Curate. *Bea.* Nay y'are fitted.
Bou. Now maiſter *Throte.* *T.* S. VVhere's your ſpirit fiſter?
VV. S. VVhat all *amort?* whats the matter? do you heere?
Bou. VVhat's the reaſon of this melancholly?
Thr. By heauen I know not. VV. S. Has the gudgin bit.
Fra. He has beene nibling. VV. S. Hold him to it wench,
And it 'twill hit by heauen: why art ſo ſad?
Foote wench we will be married to night,
VVeele ſup at th'Myter, and from thence
My brother and we three will to the Sauoy,
VVhich done, I tell thee girle, weele hand ore head,
Goe to't pell mell for a Maiden-head,
Come yo'are luſty, you wenches are like bells,
You giue no muſick, till you feele the clapper,
Come *Throte* a torch, we muſt be gon. *Fra.* Seruant. *Exit.*
Bea. Miſtris. *Fra.* VVe are vndone. *Bea.* Now *Ioue* forfend.
Fra. This fellow has no land; and which is worſe,
Hee has no credit. *Bear.* How are we out-ſtript,

Blowe

Blowne vp by wit of man: Let vs be gone
Home againe, home againe, our market now is done.
Fra. That were too great a ſcandall. *Thr.* Moſt true,
Better to wed another then to returne
With ſcandall and defame: wed me a man
Whoſe wealth may reconcile your mothers loue,
And make the action lawfull. *Bea.* But where's the man?
I like your councell, could you ſhow the man.
Thr. My ſelfe am he, might I but dare aſpire
Vnto ſo high a Fortune. *Bea.* Miſtriſſe, take the man,
Shall we be baffled with faire promiſes,
Or ſhall we trudge, like beggers back againe,
No, take this wiſe and vertuous man,
Who ſhould a loſe his legges, his armes, his eares,
His noſe, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left 'twill get his liuing,
Take me this man. *Thr.* Thankes gentle maiſter *Beard.*
Fra. 'Tis impoſſible, this night he meanes to wed mee.
Thr. If not by law, we will with power preuent it,
So you but giue conſent. *Fra.* Lets heere the meanes.
Thr. Ile muſter vp my friends, and thus I caſt it,
Whilſt they are buſie, you and I will hence
Directly to a Chappell, where a Prieſt
Shall knit the nuptiall knot ere they perſue vs.
Bea. O rare inuention, Ile act my part,
A owes me thirteene pound, I ſay no more,
But there be catch-poles: ſpeake iſt a match.
Fra. I giue my liking. *Thr.* Daſh. *Daſ.* Sir. *Thr.* Get your ſword
And me my buckler, nay you ſhall know
We are *Tam marti quam mercurio*,
Bring my cloake, you ſhall thether, Ile for friends,
VVorſhip and wealth the Lawyers ſtate attends.
Daſh. we muſt beare ſome braine, to *Saint Iohns ſtreete*,
Goe runne, flye: and a farre off enquire,
If that the Lady *Somerfield* be there,
If there, know what newes, and meete me ſtraite
At the Myter doore in Fleet-ſtreete, away,
,,To get rich wiues, men muſt not vſe delay.

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter Sir Oliuer Smalshanke, Iustice Tutchin.

Iu Tu. A hunting Sir *Oliuer* and drye-foote too,

S.Ol. We old men haue our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our legares, quirks and quibibles,
As wel as youth. *Iustice Tutchin* I goe,
To hunt no Buck, but prick a lusty Doe,
I goe in truth a wooing. *I.T.* Then ride with me,
Ile bring you to my sister *Somerfield.*

S.Ol. Iustice not so by her there hangs a Tale.

I.Tu. Tha'ts true indeed. *S.Ol.* She has a daughter.

I.Tu. And what of that *S.Ol.* I likewise haue a sonne,
A villanous Boy, his father vp and downe,
What should I say, these Veluet bearded boyes
will still be doing, say what we old men can.

I.Tu. And what of this Sir *Oliuer*, be plaine,

S.*Ol.* A nimble spirited knaue, the villaine boy,
Has one trieke of his sier, has got the wench.
Stolne your rich sisters heire. *I.Tu. Somer-fields* heire,

S.Ol. Has done the deed, has peirst the vessells head,
And knowes by this the vintage, *I.Tu.* when should this be,

S. Ol. As I am by my counsell well informed,
This very day, *I.Tu.* Tut it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maide last night.

S.*Ol.* Maides may be maides to night and not to morrow.
Women are free and sell their maiden-heads,
As men sell cloath by yard and handfull,
But if you chance to see your Sister widdow,
Comfort her teares and say her daughters matcht.
With one that has a knocker to his father,
An honest Noble Knight. I. *Tu.* Stand close Knight, close,
And marke this Captaines humor, his name is *Puffe.*
A dreames as a walkes, and thinkes no woman

Enter Captaine Puffe.

Sees him but is in loue with him. *Pu,* T were braue,
If some great Lady through a window spied me,
And straight should loue me, say she should send,
5000. pound vnto my Lodging,

And

And craue my company: with that mony,
I would make three seuerall cloakes, and line them
With black, Crimson, and Tawny three pyl'd veluet,
I would eate at *Chares* Ordinary, and dice
At *Antonies*: then would I keepe my whore,
In beaten veluet, and haue two slaues to tend her.
S.O. Ha, ha, ha. *Puf.* What my case of Iustices,
What are you eaues-dropping, or doe you thinke,
Your tawny coates with gresie facings here,
Shall carry it? Sir *Oliuer Smal-shankes*,
Know my name is *Puffe*, knight, thee haue I sought,
To fright thee from thy wits. *I.Tu.* Nay good Sir *Puffe*,
Wee haue too many mad men already.
Puff. How? I tell thee Iustice *Tuchim*, not all
Thy Baylifes, Sergants, busie Constables,
Defesants, warrants, or thy Mittimusses,
Shall saue his throte from cutting, if he presume,
To woe the widdow eclipped *Taffata*,
Shee is my wife by oth. Therefore take heed,
Let me not catch thee in the widdowes house,
If I doe, Ile pick thy head vpon my sword,
And pisse in thy vety visnomy, beware, beware.
Come there no more, a Captains word,
Flies not so fierce as doth his fatall sword, *Exit Puffe.*
S.O. How like you this, shall we indure this thunder,
Or goe no further. *I.Tu.* We will on Sir *Oliuer*,
We will on, let me alone to touchim,
I wonder how my spirit did forbeare,
To strike him on the face: had this beene spoke,
Within my Liberties, had dyed for it.
Enter Cap. Puffe.
S.O. I was about to draw. *Puff.* If you come there,
Thy beard shall serue to stuffe, those balls by which
I get me heat at Tenice, *I.Tu.* Is he gon. *Exit Puffe.*
I would a durst a stood to this awhile,
Well I shall catch him in a narrow roome,
Where neither of vs can flinch; If I do,
Ile make him dance a trenchmoore to my sword,
Come Ile along with you to the widdow.

Wee

We will not be out-braued, take my word,
Weele not be wronged while I can draw a ſword. *Exit.*

Enter Throate and other Gentlemen

Thr. Let the Coach ſtay at ſhowlane end: be ready,
Let the boote ſtand open and when ſhe's in:
Hurry towards Saint *Giles* in the field,
As if the Diuell himſelfe were waggoner,
Now for an arme of oake, and heart of ſteele,
To beare away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maide, nay which is more,
An honeſt maide, and which is moſt of all,
A ritch and honeſt maide: *O Ioue O Ioue,*
For a man to wed ſuch a wife as this,
Is to dwell in the ſurburbs of Heauen,
1. *Gen.* Is ſhe ſo exqueſite. *Thr.* Sir ſhe is ritch,
And a great heire. 2. *Gen.* Tis the more daugerous,
Thr. Dangerous! Lord where be thoſe gallant ſprites!
The time has beene when ſcarſe an honneſt woman,
Much leſſe a wench could paſſe an Inne of court,
But ſome of the fry would haue beene dooing,
With her: I knew the day when Shreds a Taylor,
Comming once late by an Inne of Chancerie;
Was laid along, and mufled in his cloake,
His wife tooke in, Stycht vp, turnd out againe,
And he perſwaded all was but in ieſt,
Tut thoſe braue boyes are, gone, theſe which are leſt,
Are wary lads, liue poring on their bookes,
And giue their lynnen to their landreſſes,
By tayle, they now can ſaue their purſes,
I knew when euery gallant had his man,
But now a twelue-peny weekely Landreſſe,
Will ſerue the turne to halfe a dozen of them,

Enter Daſh.

Here comes my man, what newes? *Daſ.* As you would wiſh,
The Lady *Somer-field* is come to towne.
Her horſes yet are walking, and her men ſay,
Her onely daughter, is conuayd away.
Noe man knowes how: now to it maſter,
You and your ſeruant *Daſh* are made for euer,

If

If you but ſtick to it now. *Thr.* Gentlemen,
Now ſhow your ſelues at full, and not a man,
But ſhares a fortune with me if I ſpeed.

Enter William Smalſhanke Boutcher, Thomas Smal-ſhanke, Francis and Beard with a torch.

1. *Gen.* Tut feare not vs, be ſure you runne away,
And we ele performe the quarrell. *Thr.* Stand cloſe, they come,
W.S. Art ſure he will be here. *Fr.* Moſt ſure. *W.S: Beard. B.* Sir.
W.S. Beare vp the torch, and keepe your way apace
Directly to the Sauoy. *Th.S.* Haue you a Licence,
Looke to that brother before you marry,
For feare the Parſon looſe his benifice.
W.S. Tut our Curat craues no licence, a ſweares
His liuing came to him by a miracle,
Bou. How by miracle? *W.S.* Why a paid nothing fort,
A ſwares that few be free from ſymony,
But onely Welchmen, and thoſe a ſayes to,
Are but mountaine Prieſts. *Bou.* But hang him foole he lyes.
Whats his reaſon? W.*S.* His reaſon is this,
That all their liuings are ſo rude and bare,
That not a man, will venter his damnation
By giuing mony for them; a does proteſt,
There is but two paire of hoſe and ſhooes,
In all his Pariſh. 1. *Gen.* Hold vp your light Sir.
Bea. Shall I be taught how to aduance my torch, (an aſſe.
W.S. Whats the matter Leiftenant. 2. *Gen.* Your Lieftenants
Bea. How an aſſe; die men like dogs. W.S. hold gentlemen.
Bea. An aſſe, an aſſe. *Th.S.* Hold brother hold, Lieftenant.
Put vp as you are men, your wife is gone. (plot
W.S. Gone, *Bou.* Gone. *W.S.* How, which way? this is ſome
T.S. Downe toward Fleete bridge. *All.* Follow, follow, fol-
1. *Gen.* So has the wench, let vs perſue a looſe, (low. *Exit.*
And ſee the euent, this will prooue good mirth,
When things vnſhapde ſhall haue a perfit birth. *Exit.*

Enter W. Smal-ſhanke, Boucher, Thom. Smal. and Beard, their ſwords drawne.

W.S. Tis a thing vnpoſſible, they ſhould be gon
Thus far and we not ſee them. *T.S* Vpon my life,
They went in by the Grey-hound, and ſo ſtrooke,

Into Bride-well. *Bon.* What should she make there;
Th.S. Take water at the docke. *Bea.* Water at docke,
A fico for her Docke, youle not be ruld,
Youle still be obstinate, Ile pawne my fate,
She tooke a long shew-lane, and so went home,
W.S. Home. *Bea.* I home; how could she choose but go,
Seeing so many naked tooles at once,
Drawne in the streete? *T.S.* What scuruy lucke was this,
W.S. Come we will find her, or weele fire the Suburbs;
Put vp your tooles, letts first a long shew-lane,
Then straight vp Holborne, If we find her not,
Wele thence direct to *Thro.* testif she be lost,
I am vndone and all your hopes are crost. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Oliuer Smaleshanke, Iustice Tutchim, Mistris Tafata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Widdow I must be short, *Iu.Tu.* *Sir Oliuer.*
Will you shame your selfe, ha? You must be short,
Why what a word was that to tell a widdow?
S.Ol. I ment I must be breefe. *Iu.Tu.* Why say so then,
Yet thats almost as ill; go to, speake on.
S.O. Widdow I must be breefe, what old men doe,
They must doe quickly. *Taf.* Then good sir do it,
Widdowes are seldome slow to put men to it.
S.O. And old men know their *q's*, my loue you know,
Has bin protested long, and now I come,
To make my latest tender, an old growne oake
Can keepe you from the raine, and stands as faire,
And portly as the best. *Taf.* Yet search him well,
And we shall find no pithe or hearty Timber
To vnderlay a building, *Iu.Tu.* I would that oake,
Had beene a fire-forward good sir *Oliuer*,
Your Oake is naught: sticke not too much to that.
Sir Ol. If you can like, you shall be Ladified,
Liue at the court, and soone be got with child,
What do you thinke we old men can do nothing? (wels,
Iu.Tu. This was somewhat like: Sir *Ol.* You shall haue Ie-
A Baboone, Parrat, and an Izeland Dog,
And I my selfe to beare you company,
Your ioynter is fiue hundred pound by yeare,

Besides

Beſides your Plate, your Chaines and houſhould ſtuffe,
When enuious fate ſhall change this mortall life.
Taf. But ſhall I not be ouer-cloyde with loue?
Will you nor to be too buſie? ſhall I keepe
My chamber by the month, if I bee pleaſ'd
To take Phiſicke, to ſend for Viſitants,
To haue my maide read *Amadis de Gaule.*
Or *Donzel del Phœbo* to me? ſhall I haue
A Carotch of the laſt edition,
The Coatch-mans ſeate a good way from the Coatch,
That if ſome other Ladies and my ſelfe
Chance to talke bawdy, he may not ouer-heare vs.
S.Ol. All this and more. *Taf.* Shall we haue two chambers?
And will you not preſume vnto my bed,
Till I ſhall call you by my waiting maide.
S.Ol. Not I by heauen. *Taf.* And when I ſend her,
Will you not intice her to your luſt,
Nor tumble her before you come to me.
Adr. Nay let him do his worſt, make your match ſure,
And feare not me, I neuer yet did feare,
Any thing my maiſter could doe to me. *Knocke.*
Taf. What noiſe is that, goe ſee *Adriana,*
And bring me word: I am ſo haunted
With a ſwaggering Captaine, that ſweares, God bleſſe vs,
Like a very *Tarmagant*, a Raskall knaue, *Enter.*
That ſaies he will kill all men which ſeekes to wed me. *Adr.*
Adr. O Miſtriſſe! Captaine *Puffe* halfe drunke, is now
Comming vp ſtaires. *S.Ol.* O God haue you no roome,
Beyond this Chamber, has ſworne to kill me,
And piſſe in my very viſnomy,
Taf. What are you afraid *Sir Oliuer? S.Ol.* Not affraid,
But of all men I loue not to meddle with a Drunkard:
Haue you any Rome backwards. *Taf.* None Sir.
In. Tu. Is there nere a Truncke or Cobbert for him,
Is there nere a hole backwarbs to hide him in,
Cap. Pu. I muſt ſpeake with her. *S. Ol.* O God a comes.
Adr. Creepe vnder my Miſtris Farthingale Knight,
Thats the beſt and ſafeſt place in the Chamber.
In Tu. I there, there that he will neuer miſtruſt.

Adr. Enter Knight, keepe close, gather your selfe
Round like a Hedg-hog, stir not what ere you heare,
See or smell Knight. God blesse vs, here a comes. *Ent. C. Pu. Ca, Pu.* Blesse thee widdow and wife. *Taff.* Sir get you gon
Leaue my house or I will haue you coniur'd
With such a spell you neuer yet haue heard of,
Haue you no other place to vent your froth,
But in my house, is this the fittest place,
Your Captaine ship can find to puffe in ha?
Ca Pu. How, am I not thy spouse, didst thou not say,
These armes should clip thy naked body fast
Betwixt two linnen sheets, and be sole Lord,
Of all thy peuter worke, thy word is past.
And know, that man is pouder, dust, and earth,
That shall once dare to thinke thee for his wife.
Taff. How now you slaue, one call the Constable,
C Pu. No Constable with all his Holbertieres,
Dare once aduance his head or peepe vp staires,
If I cry but keepe downe: haue I not liu'd,
And marcht on sieged walls,
In thunder, lightening, raine, and snow,
And eake in shotte of poudered balls,
Whose costly markes are yet to shew.
Taf. Captaine Face, for my last husbands sake,
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,
I am content to winke at these rude trickes,
But hence, trouble me no more, if you doe,
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see,
No Sunne or Moone. *C Pu.* Nor yet the Northerne Pole,
A fico for the Sunne and Moone, let me liue in a hole,
So these two starres may shine. *Taff.* Sir get you gonne,
You swaggering cheating Turne-bull-streete roague.
Or I will hale you to the common-layle,
Where Lice shall eat you. *C Pu.* Go to, I shall spurne,
And slash your petty-coate. *Taf.* Runne to the counter,
Fetch me a red-bearded Sargeant, ile make
You Captaine thinke the Deuill of hell is come,
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.
C Pu. Dambe thee and thy Sargeants, thou Mercers Punke.

Thus will I kick thee and thy Farthingales.
S. Ol. Hold Captaine. *C. Pu.* What do you caſt your whelps,
What haue I found you ſir? haue not I plac'd
My Sakers, Culuerings, Demi-culuerings,
My Cannons, Demi-cannons, Baſiliſks,
Vpon her breach, and do I not ſtand,
Ready with my Pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her? *S. Ol.* Good Captaine hold,
C. Pu. Are not her Bulwarkes, Parapets, Trenches,
Scarfes, Counter-ſcarfes, Fortifications,
Curtaines, Shaddowes, Mines, Counter mines,
Rampires, Forts, Ditches,, Workes, Water-workes,
And is not her halfe-moone mine, and do you bring,
A reſcue good man Knight. *Taff.* Call vp my men, *Enter 2.*
Where be theſe knaues, haue they no eares, or hearts, *or 3. with*
Beate hence this raſcall, ſome other fetch a warrant, *clubs.*
Ile teach him know himſelfe, *I. Tu.* Downe with the ſlaue,
S. Ol Tis not your beard ſhall carry it, downe with the rogue
C. Pu. Not *Hercules* gainſt twenty, *I. Tu.* A ſirra, *Ex. Face,*
I knew my hands no longer could forbeare him,
Why did you not ſtrike the Knaue, ſir *Oliuer?*
S. Ol. Why ſo I did, *I. Tu.* But then it was to late,
S. Ol. What would you haue me do when I was downe,
And hee ſtood thundering with his weapon drawne.
Enter Adriana.
Ready to cut my throate. *Adr.* The roague is gone,
And her's one from the Lady *Somerfield,*
To intreat you come with all the ſpeed you can,
To Saint *Iohns ſtreete.* I. *Tu.* Which I will do. *Taf.* Gentlemen
I am ſorry you ſhould be thus diſturbed
Within my houſe, but now all feare is paſt,
You are moſt welcome: ſupper ended,
Ile giue a gratious anſwer to your ſute,
Meane while let nought diſmay, or keepe you mute. *Exit.*

Enter Throte, Francis, and Daſh.
Thr. Pay the Coatch-man *Daſh*, pay him well,
And thanke him for his ſpeed. Now *Vinat Rex,*
The knot is it which not the Law it ſelfe,

With all his *Hydra* heads and ſtrongeſt nerues,
Is able to diſioyne: Now let him hang,
Fret out his guts, and ſweare the ſtarres from heauen,
A neuer ſhall enioy you, you ſhall be rich.
Your Lady mother this day came to towne
In your purſute: wee will but ſhift ſome ragges,
And ſtraight go take her bleſſing. *Fra.* That muſt not be,
Furniſh me with Iewels, and then my ſelfe,
Attended by your man and honeſt *Beard*,
Will thether firſt, and with my Lady mother
Craue a peace for you. *Thr.* I like that well,
Her anger ſome-what calm'd, I briſk and fine,
Some halfe houre after will preſent my ſelfe
As ſonne in law vnto her, which ſhe muſt needs
Accept with gratious lookes, *Fra.* I when ſhee knowes
Before by me, from what an eminent plague
Your wiſdome has preſeru'd me. *Thr.* I, that, that,
That will ſtrike it dead: but heere comes *Beard*.

Enter Beard.

Bea. What are you ſure, tide faſt by heart and hand.
Thr. I now do call her wife, ſhe now is mine,
Seald and deliuered by an honeſt Prieſt,
At *Saint Giles* in the field. *Bea.* God giue you ioy ſir.
Thr. But where's mad *Smal-ſhanke*. *Bear.* O hard at hand,
And almoſt mad with loſſe of his faire bride,
Let not my louely Miſtreſſe bee ſeene,
And ſee if you can draw him to compound
For all his title to her, I haue Sargiants
Ready to do the feate, when time ſhall ſerue.
Thr. Stand you aſide deere loue, nay I wil firke
My ſilly nouice, as he was neuer firkt
Since Midwiues bound his noddle: heere they come.

Enter W. Smalſh. Th. Smalſh. and Boucher.

W.S. O Maiſter *Throte*, vnleſſe you ſpeake good newes,
My hopes are croſt, and I vndone for euer.
Thr. I neuer thought you'd come to other end,
Your courſes haue beene alwayes ſo prophane,
Extrauagant and baſe. W.S. Nay good ſir heare?
Did not my loue returne? came ſhe not hether?

For

For *Iones* loue speake. *Thr.* Sir will you get you gon.
And seeke your loue elsewhere, for know my house,
Is not to entertaine such customers,
As you and your comrades, *WS.* Is the man mad,
Or drunke, why Maister *Throate* know you to whom
You talke so sawcily? *Thr.* VVhy vnto you,
And to your brother *Smalshankes*, will you be gon,?
Bou. Nay good sir hold vs not in this suspence,
Answere directly came not the *Virgin* hether,
Thr. will you be gon directly? are you mad?
Come you to seeke a Virgin in Ram-alley:
So neere an Inne of Court and amongst Cookes,
Ale-men and Landresses? why are you fooles?
W.S. Sir leaue this sirke of law or by this light,
Ile giue your throate a slit, came she not hether,
Answere to that point, *Thr.* VVhat haue you lost her?
Come doe not gull your freinds, *W.S.* By heauen shees gon,
Vnles she be returnd since we last left you.
Thr. Nay then I cry you mercy she came not hether,
As I am an honnest man, Ist possible.
A maid so lowely faire, so well demeand,
Should be tooke from you? what from you three?
So young, so braue, and valiant Gentlemen.
Sure it cannot bee, *T, Sm.* Afore God tis true.
W. Sm. To our perpetuall shames tis now to true,
Thr. Is she not left behind you in the Tauerne,
Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunke,
And so forgot her, *W.Sm.* A pox on all such lucke,
I will find her, or by this good light
Ile fire all the Citty, come lets goe,
VVho euer has her shall not long enioy her,
Ile prooue a contract: lets walke the round,
Ile haue her if shee keepe aboue the ground, *Exst.*
Thr. Ha ha ha, a makes me sport i faith,
The gull is mad, starke mad, *Dash* draw the bond,
And a release of all his interest
In this my loued wife, *Bea.* I be sure of that,
For I haue certaine goblins in buffe Ierkins, *Enter with the*
Lye in ambuscado for him, *Off.* I arest you sir, *Sargeants.*
W.Sm.

W. S. Reskue, resku. *Th.* O he is caught. W. *S.* Ile giue you
Hang off honeſt catch-poles, *M. Throte*, good, wife, (baile
Learned and honeſt maiſter *Throte*, now, now,
Now or neuer helpe me. *Throt.* Whats the matter?
W. *S.* Here are two retainers, hangers on ſir,
Which will conſume more then ten liueries,
If by your meanes they be not ſtraite ſhooke off,
I am arreſted. *Thr.* Arreſted? what's the ſumme?
W. *S.* But thirteene pound, due to *Beard* the Butler,
Do but baile me, and I will ſaue you harmeleſſe.
Thr. Why heer's the end of Ryot: I know the law,
If you be baild by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will vndertake. W. *S.* Law there; Roagues,
Foote I know hee would not let me want
For thirteene pounds. *Thr.* Prouided, you ſeale a releaſe,
Of all your claime to Miſtreſſe *Somerfield.*
W. *S.* Sergeants do your kinde, hale me to the hole,
Seale a releaſe. Sargeants come, to priſon,
Seale a releaſe for Miſtriſſe *Somerfield.*
Firſt I will ſtinck in Iayle, be eate with Lyce,
Indure an obiect worſe then the Deuill himſelfe,
And that's ten Sergeants peeping through the grates
Vpon my lowſie linnen: come to Iayle:
Foote a releaſe. *T. S.* Ther's no conſcience in it.
Bon. 'Tis a demand vncharitable. *Thr.* Nay chooſe.
Fra. I can hold no longer, impudent man.
W. S. My wife, foote my wife, let me go Sergeants.
Fra. O thou perfidious man! darſt thou preſume
To call her wife, whom thou ſo much haſt wrong'd?
What conqueſt haſt thou got, to wrong a maide,
A ſilly harmeleſſe maide? what glory iſt
That thou haſt thus deceiued a ſimple Virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honor waſt
For thee to make the Butler looſe his office
And runne away with thee. Your tricks are knowne;
Didſt thou not ſweare thou ſhouldſt be Baroniz'd?
And hadſt both lands and fortunes? both which thou wantſt.
W. S. Foote that's not my fault, I would haue lands
If I could get em. *Fra.* I know your trick,

And know I now am wife vnto this man.
Omn. How? *Thr.* I thanke her sir, she has now vouchsaft
To cast her selfe on me. *Fra.* Therefore subscribe.
Take some-what of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man,
If not, I doe protest by earth and Heauen,
Although I starue, thou neuer shalt inioy me.
Bear. Her vow is past, nor will she breake her word,
Looke to it mitcher· *Fra.* I hope a will compound.
W.S. Foote shall I giue two thousand pound a yeare
For nothing. *T.S.* Brother come, be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little then loose all.
Bou. You see shee's resolute, y' had best compound.
W.S. Ile first be damn'd ere I will loose my right,
Vnlesse a giue me vp my forfit morgage,
And baile me of this action. *Fra.* Sir you may choose,
VVhat's the morgage worth? VV.S. Lets haue no whispering.
Thr. Some forty pounds a yeare. *Fra.* Doe it, doe it,
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him,
At any rate. *Thr. Dash*, go fetch his morgage,
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claime
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loued wife:
I will restore the morgage, pay this debt,
And set you free. *W.S.* They shall not. *Bou.* VVe will,
Come draw the bonds, and we will soone subscribe them.

Enter Dash.

Thr. They're ready drawne; here's his release,
Sergiants let him goe. *Dash.* Here's the morgage sir,
W.S. VVas euer man thus cheated of a wife:
Is this my morgage. *Thr.* The very same sir.
VV.S. Well I will subscribe, God giue you ioy,
Although I haue but little cause to wish it,
My heart will scarce consent vnto my hand.
Tis done. *Thr.* You giue this as your deeds. *Omn.* We doe,
Thr. Certifie them *Dash*. W S. What am I free.
Thr. You are, Sargiants I discharge you.
There's your fees. *Bea.* Not so, I must haue mony.
Thr. Ile passe my word. *Bea. Foutre*, words are wind,

I say I must haue money. *Thr* How much sir.
Bea. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to morrow.
Thr. Ther's your summe, now officers begon,
Each take his way, I must to Saint *Johns streete*,
And see my Lady-mother: shee's now in towne,
And we to her shall straite present our duties.
T.S. O *Ione* shall we loose the wench thus. *W.S*. Euen thus,
Throte farewell, since 'tis thy luck to haue her,
I still shall pray, you long may liue together:
Now each to his affaires. *Thr*. Good night to all, *Ex*.
Deare wife step in, *Beard* and *Dash* come hether:
Heere take this money: goe borrow Iewels
Of the next Gold-smith: *Beard* take thou these bookes,
Goe both to the Broakers in Fetter lane,
Lay them in pawne for a Veluet Ierken
And a double Ruffe, tell him a shall haue
As much for loane to night, as I do giue
Vsually for a whole circuit, which done
You two shall man her to her mothers: goe, *Ex*.
My fate lookes big; me thinkes I see already,
Nineteene gold chaines, seuenteene great beards, and ten
Reuerent bald heads, proclaime my way before me,
My Coatch shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forst to hurry through the streetes,
For feare of Sargeants: nor shall I need to trye,
Whether my wel-graft tumbling foot-cloth nag,
Be able to out-runne a wel-breath'd Catchpole,
I now in pompe will ride, for 'tis most fit,
Hee should haue state that riseth by his wit. *Ex*.

Actus 4. Scæna. 1.

Sir Oliuer, Iustice Tutchim, Taffata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Good meate the belly fils, good wine the braine,
Women please men, men pleasure them againe,
Ka me, ka thee, one thing must rub another,
English loue Scots, Welshmen loue each other.
I.Tu. You say very right sir *Oliuer*, very right,
I haue't in my noddle i'faith, That's all the faule

Old

Old Iuſtices haue, when they are at feaſts,
They will bib hard, they will be fine Sun-burnt,
Sufficient, fox, for Columberd now and than,
Now could I ſit in my chayre at home and nod,
A drunkard to the ſtocks, by vertue of
The laſt ſtatute rarely. *Taf.* Sir you are merry.
I.Tu. I am indeed. *Taf.* Your ſupper ſir was light,
But I hope you thinke you welcome. *I.Tu.* I doe,
A light ſupper quoth you, pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am ſure it lyes
As heauy in my belly as moult lead,
Yet Ile goe ſee my Siſter *Sommerfield.*
S.O. So late good Iuſtice. *I.Tu.* I euen ſo late.
Night is the mother of wit, as you may ſee,
By Poets or rather Conſtables
In their examinations at midnight,
Weele lye together without marrying,
Saue the Curats fees, and the pariſh a labour,
Tis a thriuing courſe. *S.O.* That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.
I.Tu. Thats true, they flie indeed like wild-geeſe,
In flocks, one in the breech of another.
But the beſt is a ſmall matter ſtayes them,
And ſo farewell. S.O. Farwell good Iuſtice *Tutchim, Exit.*
Alaſſe good Gentleman his braines are craſed,
But let that paſſe: ſpeake widdow iſt a match,
Shall we clap it vp. *Adr.* Nay if't come to clapping,
Good night i faith, Miſtris looke before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maide or widdow,
Then ſuddaine clapings vp, nothing has ſpoyld,
So many proper Ladies, as clappings vp:
Your ſhittle-cock, ſtriding from tables to ground,
Oncly to try the ſtrength of the backe,
Your riding a hunting, I though they fall,
With their heeles vpward, and lay as if
They were taking the height, of ſome high ſtarre
With a croſſe ſtaffe: no nor your iumlings
In horſſlitters, coatches or caroatches,
Haue ſpoild ſo many women as clappings vp.

S.Ol. Why then weele chop it vp. *Taf.* Thats not alowed,
Vnleſſe you were ſonne to a welch Curate:
But faith ſir Knight I haue a kind of Itching,
To be a Lady, that I can tell you woes,
And can perſwade with better rethorick,
Then othes, wit, wealth, va'our, lands, or perſon,
I haue ſome debts at court, and marrying you,
I hope the Courtier will not ſtick to pay me.
Sir Ol. Neuer feare thy paiment This I will ſay,
For Courtiers theyle be ſure to pay each other,
How ere they deale with Cittizens. *Taf.* Then heres my hand,
I am your wife, condition we be ioynd,
Before to morrows ſunne. *Sir* O. Nay euen to night
So you be pleaſ d with little warning widdow,
We old men can be ready, and thou ſhalt ſee,
Before the time that chanticleere,
Shall call and tell the day is neete,
When wenches lying on their backs,
Receiue with ioy their loue-ſtolne ſmacks,
When maids awak't from their firſt ſleepe,
Deceiu'd with dreames begin to weepe,
And thinke of dreames, ſuch pleaſures know,
What ſport the ſubſtance them would ſhow,
When Ladies gin white Lymmes to ſpred,
Her loue but new ſtolne to her bed,
His cotten ſhowes yet ſcarce put off,
And dares not laugh, ſpeake, ſneeze, or cough,
When preciſe dames begin to thinke,
Why their groſe ſouring husbands ſtincke,
What pleaſures twere then to inioy,
A nimble viccar, or a boy.
Before this time thou ſhalt behold,
Me quaffing out our brydall bole.
Adr. Then belike before the morning Sunne
You will be coupled. *Taf.* Yes faith *Aariana.*
Adr. VVell I will looke you ſhall haue a cleane ſmock,
Prouided that you pay the fee *Sir Oliuer*,
Since my Miſtris ſir will be a Lady,
Ile looſe no fees due to the waiting maid.

Sir

S.Ol. VVhy is there a fee belonging to it.
Adr. A Knight and neuer heard of ſmock-fees,
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impoſt ſet vpon them: *Enter W.Sm.*
S.Ol. VVhom haue we heere? what my mad-headed ſonne,
VVhat makes he here ſo late? ſay I am gone,
And I the whileſt will ſtep behind the hangings.
W.S. God bleſſe thee parcell of mans fleſh. *Ta.* How ſir.
W *S.* Why parcell of mans fleſh, art not a woman?
But widdow, where's the old ſtinkerd my father,
They ſay widdow you dance altogether
After his pipe. *Taf.* VVhat then. VV.S, Th'art a ſoole,
Ile aſſure thee there's no muſick in it.
Taf. Can you play better?
VV S. Better widdow?
Bloud doſt thinke I haue not learnt my prick-ſong,
VVhat not the coutt prick-ſong? one vp and another downe
VVhy I haue't to a haire by this light,
I hope thou loueſt him not. *Taf.* Ile marry him ſir.
VV.S. How marry him, foot art mad widdow,
VVoot marry an old craſed man,
VVith meager lookes, with viſage wan,
VVith little legs and crinckled thighes,
VVith Chapfalne gummes and deepe ſunke eyes,
VVhy a dog ſeazd on ten dayes by death
Stinkes not ſo loathſome as his breath,
Nor can a citty common Iaques,
VVhich all mens Breeches vndertakes,
Yeeld faſting ſtomakes ſuch a ſauour,
As doth his breath, and vgly ſauour, *S.Ol.* Rogue,
Adr. Thats all one ſir, ſhe meanes to be a Lady,
VV.S. Does ſhe ſo, and thou muſt be her waiting woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To ſit at a chamber doore and looke fleas
In my Ladies dog, while ſhe is ſhowing
Some ſlippery britcht Courtier rare faces,
In a by-window: foote widdow,
Marry me a yong and compleate gallant.
Taf. How a compleat gallant? what a fellow,

With a hat tuckt vp behind, and what we vſe,
About our hippes to keepe our coats from dabling,
He weares about his neck, a farthingale,
A ſtanding coller to keepe his neate band cleane,
The whilſt his ſhirt doth ſtinke and is more foule,
Then an Inne of chancery table cloath:
His breeches muſt be pleited as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poore halfpeny purſe,
Will carry all his treaſure, his knees all points,
As if his legges and hams were tied togeather,
A fellow that has no inſide, but prates
By roate, as players and parrots vſe to doe,
And to define a compleat gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a Taylor makes him,
And a player giues him ſpright,

W. *Sm.* Why ſo in my conſcience to be a counteſſe
Thou would'ſt marry a hedg-hog: I muſt confeſſe,
Tis ſtate to haue a coxe-combe kiſſe your hands,
While yet the chamber-ly is ſcarſe wipte off,
To haue an vpright vſher march before you
Bare headed in a Tuſtafata ierkin,
Made of your old caſt gowne, ſhewes paſſing well,
But when you feele your huſbands pulſes, thats hell,
Then you fly out and bid ſtrait ſmockes farewell,

Taff. I hope ſir what ere our huſbands be,
We may be honeſt. *W. Sm.* May be nay y'are
Women and honeſty are as neere alliedi
As parſons liues are to their doctrines,
One and the ſame, but widdow now be ruld,
I hope the heauens will giue thee better grace,
Then to accept the father, and I yet liue,
To be beſtowed if you wed the ſtinkerd,
You ſhall find the tale of *Tantalus*
To be noe fable widdow. *Si. Ol.* How I ſweare,
I can hold no longer, degenerate baſtard,
I heere diſclaime thee, caſheere thee, nay more,
I diſhinherit thee both of my loue,
And liuing, get thee a gray cloake and hat
And walke in Paules among thy caſheerd mates.

As melancholly as the beſt: *Taff.* Come not neere me,
I forbid thee my houſe: my out houſes,
My Garden, Orchard, and my backſide,
Thou ſhalt not harbor neere me. *Sir.* Ol, Nay to thy greiſe,
Know varlet I will be wed this morning,
Thou ſhalt not be there nor once be grac'd,
With a peece of Roſemary, Ile caſheere thee,
Do not reply I will not ſtay to heere thee,
W. Sm. Now may I goe put me on a cleane ſhirt,
And hang my ſelfe: foot who would haue thought,
The Fox had earth'd ſo neere me; whats to be done,
What Miracle ſhall I now vndertake,
To winne reſpectiue grace with God and men?
What if I turn'd Courtier and liu'd honeſt?
Sure that would doe, I dare not walke the ſtreets,
For I dwindle at a Sargeant in buffe,
Almoſt as much as a new Player does,
At a plague bill certefied forty,
Well I like this widdow, a lufty plumpe drab,
Has ſubſtance both in bretch and purſe,
And pitty and ſinne it were ſhe ſhould be wed
To a furd cloack and a night-cap. Ile haue her,
This widdow I will haue: her money
Shall pay my debts, and ſet me vp againe,
Tis heere, 'tis almoſt forg'd, which if it take,
The world ſhall praiſe my wit, admire my fate. *Exit.*

Enter Beard, Daſh, Francis, Sargeant, Drawers.

Bea. Sargeants beware be ſure you not miſtake,
For If you doe *Daſh* ſhe ſhall be quickly baild,
She ſhall *corpus cum cauſa* be remoou'd,
Your action entered firſt below ſhall ſhrinke,
And you ſhall find ſir Sargeant ſhe has friends,
VVill ſticke to her in the common place. *Sar.* Sir,
VVill you procure her bayle: *Bea.* She ſhall be baild,
Drawer bring vp ſome wine, vſe her well,
Her huſband is a Gentleman of ſort,
Sa. A Gentleman of ſort, why what care I:
A woman of her faſhion ſhall finde
More kindneſſe at a lufty Sargeants hand

Then

Then ten of your Gentlemen of sort.
Dash. Sir vse her well, shee's wife to Maister *Throate*:
Sar. Ile vse her sir as if she were my wife,
Would you haue any more. *Bea.* Drinke vpon that,
VVnil'st we goe fetch her bayle: *Dash*, fellow *Dash*,
VVith all the speed thou hast runne for our Maister,
Make hast least he be gon before thou comest,
To Lady *Somersfields*. Ile fetch another,
She shall haue bayle. *Dash*, And a firking writte
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure
Of twelue pence damage, and fiue and twenty pound
For sutes in law: Ile goe fetch my Master.
Bea. And I another *Sar.* Drawer leaue the roome
Heere mistris a health: *Fra.* Let it com sweet Rogue.
Dra: I say you soe: then must I haue an eye,
These Sargeants feed on very good reuersions,
On Capons, Teales, and sometimes on a wodcocke,
Hot from the shreiues owne table, the knaues feed wel,
VVhich makes them horrid letchers. *Fr.* This health is pledgd
An honnest Sargeant how does maister Gripe, *The Drawer*
The keeper of the Counter. I doe protest, *stands aside.*
I found him alwaies fauorable to me,
A is an honest man, has often stood to me,
And beene my friend and set me goe a trust
For victuall when a has denied it knightes, but come
Lets pay and then be gon, th'arest you know
VVas but a trick to get from nimble *Dash*
My husbands man: *Sar.* True but I haue an action
At sute of Mistresse, Smel-smocke, your *quandam* Baude,
The summe is eight good pound, for six weekes board,
And fiue weekes loane for a red Tafata gowne,
Bound with a siluer lace, *Fra.* I do protest,
By all the honesty twixt thee and mee,
I got her in that gowne in six weekes space
Foure pound and fourteene pence giuen by a Clarke
Of an Inne of Chancerie, that night I came,
Out of her house and does the filthy lade,
Send to me for money: but honest Sergeant,
Let me go and say thou didst not see me,

Ile doe thee as great a pleasure shortly.
Sar. Shall we imbrace to night. *Fra.* Withall my heart.
Sar. Sit on my knee and kisse, *Enter Beard,*
Bea. What newes boy? why stand you Centinell?
Dra. Do but conceale your selfe, and we shall catch
My Sergeant napping. *Bea.* Shall maides be here deflowred,
Sar. Now kisse againe. *Draw.* Now, now. *Enter Cap. and*
Bea. Deflower vergins, rogue? auant ye slaue, *seeing the hurly*
Are maides fit subiects for a Sargeants mace. *burly, runs away.*
So now are we once more free: ther's for the wine. *Ex. Ser.*
Now to our Randeuow: three pounds in gold
These slops containe; weele quaffe in Venice glasses,
And sweare some Lawyers are but silly Asses. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaine Face.

Cap. Is the coast cleare, are these cumbustions ceast,
And may we drinke Canary sack in peace?
Shall we haue no attendance here you rogues?
Where be these raskals that skip vp and downe,
Faster then Verginall iacks? drawers. *Dra.* Sir.
Cap. On whom waite you sir rogue? *Dra,* Faith. Captaine,
I attend a conuenticle of Players.
Ca. How Players, what is there ere a Cuckold among them?
Dra. Ioue defend, else it stands with pollicie,
That one should be a notorious Cuckold.
If it be but for the better keeping,
The rest of his company together.
Cap. When did you see sir *Theophrastus Slop,*
The Citty Dog-maister? *Dra.* Not to day sir.
Cap. What haue you for my supper. *Dra.* Nothing ready
Vnlesse you please to stay th dressing Captaine.
Cap. Zownes stay the dressing, you damned rogue,
What shall I waite vpon your greasie cooke,
And waite his leasure, go downe staires rogue,
Now all her other customers be seru'd,
Aske if your Mistresse haue a snip of Mutton
Yet left for me. *Dra.* Yes sir. *Cap.* And good-man rogue,
See what good thing your Kitchin-maide has left
For me to worke vpon, my barrow-gutlings grumble
And would haue food; Say now the Vintners wife

Should bring me vp a Pheasant, Partridge, Quaile,
A pleasant banquet, and extreamly loue me,
Desire me to eate, kisse, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it, say she should drinke
Her selfe three quarters drunke, to win my loue,
Then giue me a chaine, worth some three score pounds,
Say twere worth but forty, say but twenty,
For Cittizens do sildome in their wooing,
Giue aboue twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
Ile goe sell some fifteene pounds worth of the chaine,
To buy some clothes, and shift my lowsie linnen,
And weare the rest as a perpetuall fauour,
About my arme in fashion of a Bracelet,
Say then her husband should grow iealious,
Ide make him drunke, and then Ile Cuckold him,
But then a Vintners wife, some Rogues will say,
Which sits at Barre for the receit of custome,
That smels of chippings, and of broken fish,
Is loue to Captaine *Face*, which to preuent,
Ile neuer come but when her best stitcht hat,
Her Bowgle gowne, and best wrought smock is on,
Then does she neither smell of bread, of meate,
Or drappings of the tap, it shall be so,

Enter Bowcher, W. Smallshanke, and Constantia.

Bou. Now leaue vs boy; blesse you Captaine *Face*,
Cap. Ile haue no Musick? W.S. Foot doost take vs for fidlers.
Cap. Then turne Straight, Drawer runne downe the staires,
And thanke the Gods a gaue me that great patience
Not to strike you. *Bou.* Your patience sir is great,
For you dare sildome strike. Sirra they say,
You needs will wed the widdow *Taffata*,
Nolens volens. *Cap.* Doe not vrge my patience,
Awake not furie, new rakt vp in embers,
I giue you leaue to liue. *W.S.* Men say y'aue tricks,
Y'are an admirable Ape, and you can doe
More feates then three Baboones, we must haue some,
Cap. My patience yet is great, I say be gone,
My tricks are dangerous. *Bou.* That's nothing,
I haue brought you furniture, come get vp

Vp vpon this table, do your ſeates,
Or I will whip you to them, doe not I know
You are a lowſie knaue. *Cap.* How? lowſie knaue,
Are we not Engliſh bred? *Bon.* Y'are a coward Roague,
That dares not looke a Kitling in the face,
If ſhe but ſtare or mew. *Cap.* My patience yet is great:
Doe you bandie troopes, by Dis I will be Knight,
Weare a blew coate on great Saint *Georges* day,
And with my fellowes driue you all from Paules
For this attempt. *Bon.* Will you yet get vp,
I muſt laſh you to it, *Cap.* By *Pluto*, Gentlemen,
To doe you pleaſure, and to make you ſport,
Ile do't. *W.S.* Come get vp then quick.
Bon. Ile dreſſe you ſir. *Cap* By *Ioue* 'tis not for feare,
But for a loue I beare vnto theſe tricks,
That I performe it, *Bon.* Hold vp your ſnout ſir,
Sit handſomly, by heauen, ſir you muſt do it,
Come boy, *W.S.* No by this good light, Ile play (tlemen?
Him that goes with the motions. *Dra.* Wher's the Cap. Gen-
W.S. Stand back boy, and be a ſpectator, Gentlemen
You ſhall ſee the ſtrange nature of an out-landiſh beaſt,
That ha's but two legs, bearded like a man,
Noſd like a Gooſe, and toungd like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Catita,
A beaſt of much vnderſtanding, were it not giuen
Too much to the loue of Venery: do I not do it well?
Bon Admirably. *W.S.* Remember noble Captaine,
You skip when I ſhall ſhake my whip. Now ſir,
What can you doe for the great Turke?
What can you doe for the Pope of Rome?
Harke, he ſtirreth not, he mooueth not, he waggeth not,
What can you do for the towne of Geneua ſirra?
He holds vp his hands inſteed of praying.
Con. Sure this Baboune is a great Puritane.
Bon. Is not this ſtrange. *W.S.* Not a whit by this light,
Bankes his horſe and hee were taught both in a ſtable.
Dra. O rare. *Cap.* Zounes Ile firſt be damn'd, ſhall ſport
Bee laught at; by *Dis*, by *Pluto*, and great *Proſerpine*,
My fatall blade once drawne, falls but with death,

Yet if youle let me goe, I vow by *Ioue*,
No widdow, maide, wife, punke, or Cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your goasts. *Bou.* 'Twill not serue sir,
You must shew more. *Cap.* Ile first be hangd and damn'd.
W.S. Foote can a iumpe so well? *Bou.* Is a so quick?
I hope the slaue will haunt no more the widdow.
W.S. As for that take no care, for by this light
Sheele not haue thee. *Bou.* Not haue me? W.S. No not haue
By this hand, flesh, and bloud, she is resolu'd (thee,
To make my father a most fearefull Cuckold,
And he's resolu'd to saue his soule by her.
Bou. How by her? W.S. Thus, all old men which marry
Young wiues, shall questionlesse be sau'd,
For while th'are young, they keepe other mens wiues,
And when th'are old, they keepe wiues for other men,
And so by satisfaction procure saluation.
Why thou deiected taile of a Crab,
Does not the faire *Constantia Somerfield*
Doate on thy filthy face; and wilt thou wed
A wanton widdow? what canst thou see
To doate on her. *Bou.* Onely this, I loue her.
W.S. Doo'st loue her, then take a purgation,
For loue Ile assure thee is a binder
Of all things vnder heauen, there's no fitter parralells then a Drunkard and a Louer: for a drunkard looses his sences, so does your louer; your drunkard is quarrelsome, so is your louer: your drunkard will sweare, lye, and speake great words, so will your louer; your drunkard is most desirous of his letchery, and so is your louer: Well the night growes old, farewell:
I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While faire *Constantia* is resolu'd to wed thee. *Ex.*

Enter Thomas Smal-shanke and others.

T.S. Foote shall we let the wench goe thus,
My masters now show your selues Gentlemen,
And take away the Lawyers wife;
Foote though I haue no wit, yet I can
Loue a wench, and choose a wife,
Gen. Why sir, what should you doe with a wife, that are held

held none of the wiſeſt ? youle get none but fooles.

Th. S. How fooles, why may not I a foole get a wiſe child as well as wiſe men get fooles: all lyes but in the agillity of the woman: introth I thinke all fooles are got when their mothers a ſleepe; therefore Ile neuer lye with my wife but when ſhe is broad-waking, ſtand to't honeſt friends, knocke downe the Lieftenant, and then hurry the wentch to Fleet-ſtreet, there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter Beard and Francis.

Gen. Stand cloſe they come.

Bea. By *Ioue* the night growes darke and *Luna* lookes
As if this houre ſome fifty cuckolds were making,
Then let vs trudge.

Gen. Downe with 'em, downe with them, away with her Maiſter *Smal-ſhankes* to Fleetſtreet, goe, the Curate there ſtayes for you.

Bea. And ſtayes the Curat,
Whats here, knockt downe, and bloud of men let out,
Muſt men in darkeneſſe bleed, then *Erebus* looke big,
And *Boreas* blow the fire of all my rage,
Into his noſe. Night thou art a whore,
Smal-ſhanke a rogue: and is my wench tooke from me,
Sure I am guld, this was no Coccatrice,
I neuer ſaw her before this day-light peept:
What dropſt thou head, this ſurely is the heyre,
And mad will *Smal-ſhankes* lay in Ambuſcado,
To get her now from me, *Beard*, Lieftenant *Beard*,
Thou art an aſſe, what a dull ſlaue was I,
That all this while ſmelt not her honeſty.
Pate I doe not pitty thee: hadſt thou braines,
Lieftenant *Beard* had got this wealthy heyre,
From all theſe rogues: bloud to be this ore-reachd,
In pate and wench: reuenge, reuenge come vp,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard,
Smal-ſhankes I will betray thee: I now will trudge,
To Saint *Iohns ſtreete* to informe the Lady *Sommerfield*
Where thou art: I will preuent the march,
Thou art to Fleetſtreet gone, reuenge ſhall follow,
And my incenſed wrath ſhall like great thunder,

Diſperſſe thy hopes and thy braue wife a ſunder.

Enter Lady Sommerfield, and Iuſtice Tutchin.

Tu. Say as I ſay widdow, the wench is gon,
But I know whether, ſtolne ſhe is, well,
I know by whom, ſay as I ſay widdow,
I haue bin drinking hard, why ſay ſo too,
Old men they can be fine, with ſmall a doe.
The law is not offended, I had no punke,
Nor in an ale-houſe, haue I made me drunke.
The ſtatute is not broke, I haue the skill,
To drinke by law, then ſay as I ſay ſtill.

La.S. To what extremes doth this licentious time,
Hurry vnſtayed youth, nor Gods nor Lawes,
Whoſe pennall ſcourges are inough to ſaue
Euen damned fiends, can in this looſer age
Confine vnbounded youth, who durſt preſume,
To ſteale my youths delight, my ages hope,
Her fathers heyre, and the laſt noble ſtemme,
Of all her anceſtors: feare they or Gods or lawes,

I.Tu. I ſay as you ſay ſiſter, but for the lawes,
There are ſo many, that men do ſtand in awe,
Of none at all; take heed they ſteale not you.
Who woes a widdow with a faire full Moone
Shall ſurely ſpeed, beware of full Moones widdow,
Will *Smal-ſhankes* has your daughter, no word but mum,
My warrant you ſhall haue when time ſhall come.

La.S. Your warrant? *I.Tu.* I my warrant widdow,
My warrant can ſtretch far; no more but ſo,
Twill ſerue to ketch a knaue, or fetch a Doe.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser. Heres a gentleman much deſirous to ſee you madam.

La.So. What is a for a man.

Ser. Nothing for a man, but much for a beaſt,
I thinke him lunatique, for a demands,
What plate of his is ſtirring i'the houſe,
A calls your men his Butlers, Cookes, and Steward,
Kiſſes your woman, and makes exceeding much
Of your Coach-mans wife; *I.Tu.* Then he's a Gentleman,

for

for tis a true note of a gentlemã, to make much of other mens wiues, bring him vp, a sirra, makes a much of your Coachmans wife, this geere will runne a wheeles then shortly,
A man may make much more of another mans wife, then a can do of 's owne.

L.S. How much brother? *I.Tu.* A man may make with ease,
A Punke, a Child, a Bastard, a Cuckold, of another mans wife all at a clap.
And that is much I thinke. *Ser.* Thats my Lady.

Enter Seruingman and Throte.

Thr. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
I here create thee Clarke a the Kitchin, no man shall beg it from thee.

Ser. Sure the fellowes mad.

L.S. What would you sir? I gesse your long profession,
By your scant suite: your habit seemes to turne
Your inside outward to me; y'are I thinke,
Some Turner of the law. *Thr.* Law is my liuing,
And on that ancient mould I weare this outside,
Suite vpon suite wasts some, yet makes me thriue,
First law, then gold, then loue, and then we wiue.

I.T. A man of forme like me, but what's your businesse?

La. Be briefe good sir: what makes this bold intrusion?

Thr. Intrude, I do not, for I know the lawe,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coyne, coyne gets me friends,
Your sonne in law hath law at's fingers ends.

La. My sonne in law. *Th.* Madame your sonne in law,
Mother I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your fauour,
And win your approbation of my choice,
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renownd,
For beauty, vertue, and a wealthy dowre)
I haue espousd. *La.* How? you espouse my daughter?

Thr. Nouerint vniuersi, the lawes of heauen,
Of nature, church, and chance, haue made her mine,
Therefore deliuer her by these presents.

I Tu. How's this? made her yours sir? *per quam regulam*,
Nay we are letter'd sir, as well as you,

Redde

Redde rationem, per quam regulam,
Thr. Femini indificanter uiros:
By that ſame rule theſe lippes haue taken ſeazon:
Tut I doe all by ſtatute law and reaſon,
Ka. Hence you baſe knaue you petty-foggin groome
Clad in ould ends and peeced with Brokery,
You wed my daughter? *I Tu.* You ſir *Ambo-dexter*,
A Sumners ſonne and learn't in Norfolke wiles,
Some common baile, or Counter Lawyer,
Marry my neece? your halfe ſleeues ſhall not carry her,
Thr. Theſe ſtormes will be diſſolu'd in teares of ioy,
Mother I doubt it not: Iuſtice to you,
That ierke at my halfe ſleeues, and yet your ſelfe,
Do neuer weare but Buckerom out of ſight,
A Flannell waſt-coat or a Canuas Truſſe,
A ſhift of thrift, I vſe it: lets be friends,
You know the law has trickes, kame, kathee,
Viaerit vtilitas, the mot to theſe halfe armes,
Corpus cunctauſa needes no bumbaſting,
We weare ſmall hayre yet haue we tongue and wit,
Lawyers cloſe-breecht haue bodies pollitick.
La. Speake, anſwer me ſir Iack: ſtole you my daughter,
Thr. Short tale to make I fingered haue your daughter:
I haue tane liuery and ſeazon of the wench.
Deliuer her then, you know the Statute lawes,
Shee's mine without exception, barre or clauſe:
Come, come, reſtore. *La.* The fellow's mad I thinke.
Thr. I was not mad before I married,
But, *ipſo facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not. *I. T* Fellows come in there. *Ent. 2. or 3. ſer.*
By this ſir you confeſſe you ſtole my Neece,
And I attach you heere of fellony:
Lay hold on him: Ile make my *Mittimus*,
And ſend him to the Iayle: haue we no barre
Nor clauſe to hamper you, away with him,
Thoſe clawes ſhall claw you to a barre of ſhame,
Where thou ſhalt ſhew thy Goll, Ile barre your claime,
If I be *Iuſtice Tutchin*. *Thr.* Hands off you ſlaues,
Oh! fauour my Ierkin, though you teare my fleſh,

Iſee

I ſet more ſtore by that: my *Audita*
Querela ſhall be heard, and with a *Certiorare*
Ile fetch her from you with a pox. *Enter Beard.*
Bea. What's heere to do? is all the world in armes?
More tumults, brawles, and inſurrections,
Is bloud the Theame whereon our time muſt treat.
Thr. Heer's *Beard* your Butler: a reſcue *Beard*; draw,
Bea. Draw? not ſo: my Blad's as ominouſly drawne
Vnto the death of nine or ten ſuch groomes,
As is a knife vnſheath'd with th'hungry maw,
Threatning the ruine of a chine of Beefe:
But for the reſtleſſe toile it tooke of late,
My blade ſhall ſleepe awhile. *Th.* Helpe. *Be.* Stop thy *Throate*,
And heare me ſpeake, whoſe bloody Characters,
Will ſhew I haue beene ſcuffling: briefly thus,
Thy wife, your daughter, and your louely Neece,
Is hurri'd now to Fleet-ſtreet, the damn'd crew
With glaues and clubs haue rapt her from theſe armes,
Throate thou art bobd, although thou boughtſt the héyre,
Yet hath the ſlaue made a re-entry.
I.Tu. Sirra, what are you? *Thr.* My Ladies Butler ſir.
Bea. Not I by heauen. *Thr.* By this good light he ſwore it,
And for your daughters loue he ran away.
Bea. By *Ioue* I guld thee *Throte*. *I.Tu.* More knauery yet.
Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
And guard them hence towards Fleet-ſtreete, come away.
Bea. Muſt we be led like theeues, and pinniond walke,
Spent I my bloud for this? is this my hyre?
Why then burne rage, ſet Beard and noſe on fire.
Iu.Tu. On, on I ſay, *Thr.* Iuſtice, the law ſhall firke you.

Actus Quinti. Scæna 1.

Enter William Smalſhanke.

W.S. On this one houre depends my hopes and fortunes,
Foote I muſt haue this widdow: what ſhould my Dad
Make with a wife, that ſcarce can wipe his noſe,
Vnruſſe his points, or hold a Chamber-pot
Steddy till a piſſes: The doores are faſt,
Tis now the midſt of night; yet ſhall this chaine,

Procure accesse and conference with the widdow?
What though I cheate my father, all men haue sinnes,
Though in their seuerall kinds, all ends in this,
So they get gold, they care not whose it is,
Begging the Court, vse beares the Citty out,
Lawyers their quirkes, thus goes the world about,
So that the villanies haue but different shapes,
Th'effects all one, and poore men are but Apes
To imitate their betters, this is the difference,
All great mens sinnes must still be humored,
And poore mens vices largely punished,
The priuiledge that great men haue in euill,
Is this they go vnpunisht to the Diuell:
Therefore Ile in, this chaine I know will moue,
Gold and rich stones, wins coyest ladies loue. *knocks.*

Adr. What would you sir, that you do knock so boldly.

W.S. I must come in to the widdow. *Adr.* How come in,
The widdow has no entrance for such mates.

W.S. Doost here sweet Chamber-maid, by heauen I come,
With letters from my father, I haue brought her stones,
Iewels and chaines, which she must vse to morrow.

Adr. Yare a giddy knaue, and will lye,
Your father has cashiered you, nor will a trust you,
Begon, least I doe wash you hence. *W.S.* Doost here,
By this good night, my Father and I are friends,
Take but this chaine for token, giue her that,
And tell her I haue other things for her,
Which by my fathers will I am commanded
To giue to her owne hands. *Adr.* Say you so,
Introth I think youle proue an honest man,
Had you once got a beard: let me see the cheine,

W.S. Doost thinke I lye? By this light *Adriana*
I loue her with my soule, heer's letters
And other Iewels sent her from my father,
Is she a bed. *Adr.* By my verginity,
Shee is vncas'd, and ready to slipin,
Betwixt the sheetes, boy I will beare her this,
And tell her what you say. *W.S.* But make some haste,
Why so I will take, yare how a waying maide,

Can

Can shake a fellow vp that is cashiered,
And has no mony: foote should she keepe the chaine,
And not come downe, I must turne citizen,
Be bankrout, and craue the Kings protection,
But here she comes *Taf.* What would you sir with vs,
That on the suddaine, and so late you come.

W.S. I haue some secrets, to acquaint you with,
Please you to let the chamber-maide shake off,
And stand as Centinell. *Taf.* It shall not need,
I hope I haue not brought her vp so ill,
But that she knowes how to containe your secrets,
As well as I her Mistresse: therefore on,

W.S. It is not fit forsooth that I should on,
Before she leaue the roome. *Taf.* Tis not indeed,
Therefore Ile waite in the with-drawing roome,
Vntill you call. *Taf.* Now sir, what's your will?

W.S. Deere widdow, pitty the state of a young,
Poore, yet propper Gentleman, by *Venus* pap
Vpon my knees I'de creepe vnto your lap,
For one small drop of fauour: and though this face,
Is not the finest face, yet 'as been priz'd,
By Ladies of good iudgment in faces,

Taf. Are these your secrets? W.S. You shall haue secrets,
More pleasing may here sweet widdow,
Some wantons doe delight to see men creepe,
And on their knees to woe them *Taf.* I am none of those,
Stand vp, I more desire a man should stand,
Then cringe and creepe, that meanes to winne my loue,
I say stand vp, and let me goe ye'ad best,

W.S. For euer let me creepe vpon the ground,
Vnlesse you heare my suite. *Taf.* I know not his fawses,
Would you be capring in your fathers saddle,
Away you cashiered younger brother, begon,
Doe not I know the fashions of you all,
When a poore woman has laid open all,
Her thoughts to you, then yee grow proud and coy,
But when wise maides dissemble and keepe close,
Then you poore snakes come creeping on your bellyes,
And with all oyled lookes prostrate your selues,

Before our beauties sunne, where once but warme,
Like hatefull snakes you strike vs with your stings,
And then forsake vs, I know your tricks, begon.
W.S. Foote Ile first be hang'd, nay if you go
You shall leaue your smock behinde you widdow,
Keepe close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor speake, cough, sneeze or stampe, for if you doe,
By this good blade Ile cut your throte directly.
Peace, stirre not, by Heauen Ile cut your throte
If you but stirre; speake not, stand still, go to,
Ile teach coy widdowes a new way to woe.
Come you shall kisse, why so, Ile stab by Heauen
If you but stirre, now heere, first kisse againe,
Why so, stirre not, Now come I to the point,
My hopes are past, nor can my present state,
Affoord a single halfe-penny, my father
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids,
To steale, the law, the hang man, and the Rope
With one consent deny: to go a trust,
The Citty common-councell has forbad it,
Therefore my state is desperate, stirre not,
And I by much will rather choose to hang,
Then in a ditch or prison-hole to starue,
Resolue, wed me, and take me to your bed,
Or by my soule 'Ile straite cut off your head,
Then kill my selfe, for I had rather dye,
Then in a street liue poore and lowsily:
Doe not I know you cannot loue my father.
A widdow that has knowne the *quid* of things,
To doate vpon an old and crased man,
That stinkes at both ends, worse then an elder pype,
Who when his bloud and spirit are at the height,
Hath not a member to his palsie body.
But is more limber then a Kings-head pudding
Tooke from the pot halfe sod, do I not know this?
Haue you not wealth enough, to serue vs both?
And am not I a pritty handsome fellow,
To doe your drudgery, come, come, resolue,
For by my bloud, if you deny your bed,

Ile

Ile cut your throat, without equiuocation,
If you be pleased hold vp your finger, if not
By heauen Ile gar my whyniard through your weombe,
Ist a match. *Taf.* Here me but speake. *W.S.* Youle prate to loud.
Taf. No. *W.S.* Not speake one word against my honest sute.
Ta. No by my worth. *W.S.* Kisse vpon that and speake.
Taf. I dare not wed: men say y'are naught, youle cheate,
And you do keepe a whore. *W.S.* That is a lye,
She keepes her selfe and me, yet I protest,
Shees not dishonest. *Ta.* How could she then maintaine you,
W.S. Why by her commings in, a little thing,
Her friends haue left her, which with putting to best vse,
And often turning, yeelds her a poore liuing,
But what of that; shees now shooke off, to thee
Ile onely cleaue, Ile be thy marchant,
And to this wealthy faire, Ile bring my ware,
And here set vp my standing: therefore resolue,
Nought but my sword is left, ift be a match,
Clap hands, contract and straite to bed,
If not, pray, forgiue and straight goes off your head.
Ta. I take thy loue. *W.S.* Then straite lets both to bed,
Ta. Ile wed to morrow. *W.S.* You shall not sleepe vpon't.
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand you know the prouerbe widdow.
Taf. To let me tell thee, Ile loue thee while I liue,
For this attempt, giue me that lusty lad,
That winnes his widdow with his well drawne blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widdows wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in dooing,
I take thee to my husband, *W.S.* I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there weele end this strife.

Enter Sir Oliuer and Eidlers.

S.O. Warme bloud, the yong mans slaue, the old mans God,
Makes me so stirre thus soone, it stirs i faith,
And with a kinde of itching pricks me on,
To bid my bride *boun four*, O this desire,
Is euen another filtcht *Promethian* fire,
By which we old men liue, performance then,
I thats poore old mens baine, that in old men

Comes limping off more lame God knowes then he,
Which in a close, a hot and dangerous fight,
Has bin dismembred, and craues by letter patents:
Yet scarce a woman that considers this.
Women haue tricks, sirkes, and farthinggales,
A generation are they full of subtilty,
And all most honest where they want the meanes
To be otherwise. Therefore Ile haue an eye,
My widdow goes not oft to visit kinsfolkes:
By birth she is a Ninny, and that I know,
Is not in London held the smalest kindred.
I must haue wits and braines, come on my friends,
Out with your tooles, and toot, a strane of mirth,
And a pleasant song to wake the widdow.

Enter W.S. *aboue in his shirt.*

W.S. Musitions, minstrils, foote rogues,
For Gods loue leaue your filthy squeaking noyse
And get you gone, the widdow and my selfe,
Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets
Without your musicke: we haue no need of fidlers
To our dancing, foote haue you no manners,
Cannot a man take his naturall rest
For your scraping, I shall wash your gut-strings,
If you but stay a while: yet honest rascalls,
If youle let vs haue the tother crash,
The widdow and Ile keepe time, there's for your paines.

S.O. How this? will the widdow and you keepe time,
What trick? what quiddit? what segare is this?
My cashierd Sonne speake from the widdowes chamber,
And in his shirt ha, sure she is not there,
Tis so she has tooke him in for pitty,
And now remooues her chamber I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eate cloues, Eringoes, and drinke some Aquauita
To sweeten breath, and keepe my weame from wambling.
Then like the moneth of March, come blustring in,
Marry the widdow, shake vp this springall,
And then as quiet as a sucking lambe,
Close by the widdow will I rest all night,

As for my breath I haue crotchets and deuises,
„ Ladies ranke breaths are often healpt with spices.
Enter Adriana, and another strawing hearbes.
Adr. Come straw a pace, Lord shall I neuer liue,
To walke to Church on flowers. O tis fine,
To see a bride trip it to Church so lightly,
As if her new choppines would scorne to bruze
A silly flower? and now I prethee tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman?
Vi. A marygold I thinke *Adr.* Why a marygold?
Vi. Because a little heate makes it to spred,
And open wide his leaues. *Adr.* Th'art quite wide,
A marygold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night; I hope thou knowst,
All wenches doe the contrary: but sirra,
How does thy Vncle the old Doctor,
Doost thinke heele be a Bishop? *Vi.* O queslionlesse,
For has got him a young wife, and carried her,
To Court already: but now I prethee say,
Why will the widdow wed so old a knight,
Adri. Why for his riches. *Vi.* For riches onely,
Why riches cannot giue her her delight.
Adr. Ritches I hope can soone procure her one,
Shall giue her her delight; thats the Diuell,
Thats it if ailth makes vs waiting gentlewomen
Liue maides so long. *Vi.* Thanke you for. *Adr.* Yes in faith,
Married women quite haue spoiled the market,
By hauing secret friends besides their husbands,
For if these married wiues would be content
To haue but one a peece, I thinke in troth,
There would be dobitts enough for vs all,
And till we get an act of parliament,
For that our states are desperate.
Enter Boucher and Constant.
Come straw apace. *Con.* So ho ho, Maister. *Bou.* Boy,
Con. In troth I thought y'ad beene more fast a sleepe,
Then a mid wife, or a Purcate Taylor,
At a sonday euenings Lecture: but sir
Why do you rise so soone? *Bou.* To see the widdow,

Con. The weaker you, you are forbid a widdow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Me thinkes a yong cleere skind country Gentlewoman,
That neuer saw Babounes, Lyons, or Courtiers,
Might prooue a handsome wife, or what do you say
To a Cittizens daughter, that neuer was in loue
With a Player, that neuer learnt to dance,
That neuer dwelt neere any Inne a Court,
Might not she in time prooue an honest wife?
Faith take a maide, and leaue the widdow, Maister
Of all meates I loue not a gaping Oyster, (mistake,
Bou God speed your workes faire maides. *Adr.* You much
Tis no worke. *Bou.* What then. *Adr.* A preparation
To a worke sir. *Bou.* What worke sweet Ladies?
Adr. Why to a mariage? thats a worke I thinke.
Bou. How? a preparation to a mariage,
Of whom kind maids, of whom? *Adr.* And why kind maides?
I hope you haue had no kindnesse at our hand
To make you say so: but sir vnderstand,
That Sir *Oliuer Smale-shanke*; the noble Knight,
And mistresse *Tafata* the rich widdow,
Must this day be coupled, conioyned,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or as the Puritaine sayes, put together,
And so sir, to the shifting of our cleane smocks,
Wee leaue you. *Bou.* Married, and to day,
Dissention, iealousie, hate, beggery,
With all the dire euents which breed dislike
In nuptiall beds, attend her brideall steps,
Can vowes and othes, with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their soules were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Haue I for her contem'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my faire hopes, and scorn'd the loue
Of beautious, vertuous, and honor'd *Constantia*.
Con. Now workes it with my wish: my hopes are full.
Bou. And I ingag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffolne face, to haue men scorne,

And point at my disgrace: first will I leaue to liue:
There take my purse, liue thou to better fate, *Bouch. hangs himselfe.*
Better thus dye, then liue vnfortunate.

Con. Aye me accurst: helpe, helpe, murther, murther,
Curst be the day and houre that gaue me breath,
Murther, murther: if any Gentleman
Can heare my plaints, come forth and assist me.

W.S. What out-cryes call me from my naked bed,
Who calls *Ieronimo*, speake here I am.

Con. Good sir leaue your struggling and acting,
And helpe to saue the life of a distressed man,
Or helpe if you be Gentlemen. W S. Whats here?
A man hangd vp, and all the murtherers gone?
And at my doore, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made to pleasure Cittizens wiues, *Enter Tafata.*
And not to hang vp honest Gentlemen.

Taf. Where be these lazie knaues? some raise the house,
What meant the cry of murther? where's my loue?

W,*S.* Come *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.
These clothes I oft haue seene, aye me my friend:
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.

Con. It shall not need, a stirres, giue him breath.

W.S. Is there yet life, *Horatio* my deere boy,
Horatio! *Horatio*, what hast thou mis-done,
To lose thy life, when life was new begun?

Bon Zcart a man had as good be hangd outright,
As to indure this clapping: shame to thy face,
Perfidious periur'd woman, where's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbeare to blush,
And knowst I know thee an adultresse?
Haue not thy vowes made thee my lawfull wife
Before the face of heauen? where is thy shame?
But why speake I of shame to thee, whose face
Is steel'd with custom'd sinne, whose thoughts want grace:
The custome of thy sinne so hils thy sence:
VVomen nere blush, though nere so foule th'offence,
To breake thy vow to me, and straight to wed,
A doting stincker. VV.S. But hold your tongue,

Or by this light Ile truſſe you vp againe;
Zeart raile on my wife, am I a ſtinkerd,
Or do I dote? ſpeake ſuch another word,
And vp you truſſe againe, am I a ſtinkerd?
Bon. The knight your father is. *W.S.* Why who denies it,
He ſupplants thee, and I ſupplanted him:
Come, come, you ſhall be friends, come forgiue her:
For by this light there is no remedy,
Vnleſſe you will betake you to my leauings.
Con. Rather then ſo, Ile helpe you to a wife:
Rich, well borne, and by ſome accounted faire,
And for the worth of her Virginity,
I dare preſume to pawne my honeſty:
What ſay you to *Conſtantia Somerfield?*
W.S. Do'ſt know where ſhe is boy? *Con.* I do, nay more,
If he but ſweare to imbrace her conſtant loue,
Ile fetch her to this place. *W.S.* A ſhall do it boy,
Enter Sir Oliuer and Fidlers
A ſhall do it, goe fetch her boy, foote my father,
Stand too't now old wench, ſtand too't now.
S.*Ol.* Now freſh and youthfull as the month of May,
Ile bid my Bride good morrow, Muſitions on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood ſpurres,
This yeare you ſhall haue my protection,
And yet not buy your liuery coates your ſelues:
God morrow Bride, freſh, freſh, as the month of May,
I come to kiſſe thee on thy wedding day.
W.S. Sauing your tale ſir, Ile ſhew you how,
Aprill ſhowers ſpring May flowers,
So merrily ſings the Cucko:
The truth is, I haue laide my knife abord,
The widdow ſir is wedded. S.*Ol.* Ha. *W.S.* Bedded. S.*Ol.* ha:
W.S. Why my good father what ſhould you do with a wife?
Would you be creſted? will you needs thruſt your head
In one of Vulcans Helmets? will you perforce
Weare a Citty cappe and a Court feather?
S.*O.* Villaine, ſlaue, thou haſt wrong'd my wife. *W.S.* not ſo,
Speake my good wench, haue I not done thee right,
Taf. I find no fault, and I proteſt *Sir Oliuer*,

I'd not haue loſt the laſt two houres ſleepe,
I had by him, for all the wealth you haue.
S.Ol. Villaine ſlaue, Ile hang thee by the ſtatute,
Thou haſt two wiues. *W.S.* Be not ſo furious ſir.
I haue but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honeſt Lawyer.
S.Ol. Thou villaine ſlaue thou haſt abuſ'd thy father.
Bon. Your ſonne i faith, your very ſonne i faith,
The villaine boy has one tricke of his ſire,
Has firkt away the wench, has pierſt the hogſhead,
And knowes by this the vintadge. *S.Ol.* I am vndone.
Bon. You could not loue the widdow but her wealth,
S.Ol. The deuill take my ſoule but I did loue her.
Taf. That oath doth ſhew you are a Northen Knight,
And of all men a liue, Ile neuer truſt,
A Northen man in loue. *S.Ol.* And why? and why ſlut.
Taf. Becauſe the firſt word he ſpeakes is the Diuell
Take his ſoule, and who will giue him truſt,
That once has giuen his ſoule vnto the Diuell,
W.S. She ſayes moſt true father, the ſoule once gon,
The beſt part of a man is gone. *Taf.* And i faith.
If the beſt part of a man is gone,
The reſt of the body is not worth a ruſh,
Though it be nere ſo handſome.
Enter La. Somerfield, Throte and Beard bound, and In. Tutch.
La.S. Bring them away. *W.S.* How now?
My Lawyer pition'd, I begin to ſinke
Already. *L.S.* Cheater my daughter. *W.S.* Shee's mad.
Thr. My wife ſir, my wife. *W.S.* Their're mad, ſtarke mad,
I am ſorry ſir you haue loſt thoſe happy wits
By which you liu'd ſo well. The ayre growes cold,
Therefore Ile take my leaue. *La, So.* So Stay him officers,
Sir'tis not your trickes of wit can carry it.
Officers attach him, and this Gentleman,
For ſtealing away my heire. *W.S.* You do me wrong,
Zart I neuer ſaw your heire, *Thr.* That's a lye,
You ſtole her, and by chance I married her.
W.S. God giue you ioy ſir. *Thr.* Aske the Butler elſe,
Therefore widdow releaſe me, for by no law,

Statute or booke case, of *Vicesimo*
Edwardi Secundi nor by the Statute
Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
Nor by any booke case of *decimo*
Of the late Queene, am I accessarie,
Part, or party confederate, abetter,
Helper, seconder, perswader, forwarder,
Principall or maintainer of this late theft?
But by law, I forward, and shee willing,
Clapt vp the match, and by a good Statute
Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
She is my leefull, lawfull, and my true
Married wife, *teste Lieftenant Beard.*
W.S. Who liues, would thinke that you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you, foote a talkes
With as much ease as if a were in's shirt.
S.Ol. I am witnesse thou hadst the heire. *I.Tu.* So am I.
Thr. And so is my man *Dish Bon.* Heere me but speake,
Sit you as Iudges, vndoe the Lawyers hands,
That a may freely act, and Ile be bound
That *William Smallshankes* shall put your *Throate* to silence,
And ouer-throw him at his owne weapon.
Iu.Tu. Agreed, take each his place, and heere the case
Argued betwixt them two. *Om.* Agreed, agreed.
I.Tu. Now *Throte* or neuer, stretch your selfe. *Thr.* Feare not
W.S. Here stand I for my client, this Gentleman.
Thr. I for the widdow. *W.S.* Begin. *Thr.* Right worshipfull
I say that *William Smal-shanke* mad-man,
Is by a Statute made in *Octauo*
Of *Richard Cordelion*, guilty to the law
Of fellony, for steal ng this Ladies heire,
That a stole her, the proose is most pregnant,
He brought her to my house, confest himselfe,
A made great meanes to steale her, I likt her.
(And finding him a nouice) truth to tell,
Married her my selfe, and as I said,
By a Statute *Richardi Quarti*,
Shee is my lawfull wife. *W.S.* For my client,
I say the wench brought vnto your house,

Was

Was not the daughter to rich *Somerfield*.
S.O. What proofe of that? *W.S.* This gentleman. *Th.* Tut tue
Hee is a party in the cauſe, but ſir,
If twere not the daughter to this good widdow,
Who was it? anſwer that, *W.S.* An arrant whore
VVhich you haue married, and ſhe is runne
Away with all your Iewels, this is true:
And this Lieutenant *Beard* can teſtifie,
Twas the wench I kept in Hoſier-lane.
Bea. VVhat was it ſhee? *W.S.* The very ſame.
I.Tu. Speake ſirra *Beard*, if all he ſayes be true.
Bea. Shee ſaid ſhe was a Punke, a Rampant whore,
VVnich in her time had beene the cauſe of parting
Some foureteene bawdes; he kept her in the Suburbs,
Yet I do thinke this wench was not the ſame.
Bou. The caſe is cleere with me. *Om.* O ſtrange. *Th.* Sir, ſir,
This is not true, how liu'd you in the Suburbs,
And ſcapt ſo many ſearches? VV.S. I anſwer,
That moſt Conſtables in out-pariſhes
Are bawdes themſelues; by which we ſcapt the ſearches.
S.Ol. This is moſt ſtrange. *La.S.* What's become of this wo-
Bea. That know not I. As I was ſquiring her (man?
A long the ſtreete, Maiſter *Smal-ſhanke* ſet vpon me,
Beate me downe, and tooke away the maide,
Which I ſuppoſe was daughter to the widdow.
W.S. A lyes, let me be hangd if a lye not.
S.Ol. What confuſion is this. *Con.* Bring them forward,
God preſerue your worſhip. And it like you Maddam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we tooke a woman in the watch,
To bring her ſtraight to you. And hearing there
You were come hether, hether we brought them.
S.Ol. The one is my ſonne, I doe acknowledge him,
VVhat woman's that. *T.S.* The widdowes daughter ſir.
W.S. Bloud is he guld to. T.S. My brother ſtole her firſt,
Throte coozend him, and I had coozned *Throte*,
Had not the Conſtable tooke vs in the watch,
Shee is the widdowes daughter, had I had luck.
Thr. And my eſpouſed wife. *La.S.* Vnmaske her face,

My daughter I defie her. W.S. Your worſhips wife,
Thr. I am guld and abuſ'd, and by a Statute
Of *Triceſſimo* of the late Queene,
I will Star-chamber you all for cooſonage,
And be by law diuorſt. W.S. Sir twill not hol'd,
Shee's your leefull, lawfull, and true wedded wife,
Teſte Lieftenant Feard. *Bea.* Waſt you that brake my head?
W.S. But why ſhou'dſt thinke much to dye a Cuckold,
Being borne a Knaue? as good Lawyers as you
Scorne not hornes. *Thr.* I am guld, aye me accurſt!
Why ſhould the harmleſſe man be vext with hornes,
When women moſt deſerue them? W.S. Ile ſhew you ſir,
The husband is the wiues head, and I pray
Where ſhould the hornes ſtand but vpon the head:
Why wert not thou begot (thou fooliſh knaue)
By a poore Sumner, on a Sergiants widdow?
Wert not thou a Puritane, and put in truſt
To gather releefe for the diſtreſſed *Geneua*,
And didſt not thou leaue thy poore bretheren,
And runne away with all the money, ſpeake,
Was not that thy firſt riſing? go,
Y'are well coupled by *Ione* yee are, ſhe is
But a yonger ſiſter, newly come to towne,
Shee's currant mettle, not a penny the worſe
For a little vſe, whole within the Ring,
By my ſoule. *Bea.* Will a take her thinkſt thou?
Bou. Yes faith, vpon her promiſe of amendment.
I. Tut. The Lawyer is guld.
Thr. Am I thus ouer-reach'd, to haue a wife,
And not of the beſt neither? *Fra.* Good ſir be content,
A Lawyer ſhould make all things right and ſtraight,
All lyes but in the handling, I may prooue
A wife that ſhall deſerue your beſt of loue.
S. *Ol.* Take her *Throte*, you haue a better iewell now
Then euer, kiſſe her, kiſſe her man, all friends.
L. *Sa.* Yet in this happy cloſe, I ſtill haue loſt
My onely daughter. W.S. Wher's thy Page *Boutcher*?
Con. Here I preſent the Page: and that all doubts,
May heere be cleerd, heere'is my propper ſhape,

That

That all your ioyes may bee compleat and full,
I muſt make one, with pardon gentle mother,
Since all our friends ſo happily are met,
Here will I chooſe a husband: this be the man,
Whom ſince I left your houſe in ſhape of Page,
I ſtil' haue followed. W.S. Foot would I had knowne ſo much,
I would haue beene bold to haue laine with your page.
Con. Say am I welcome. *Bou.* As is my life and ſoule,
La.S. Heauen giue you ioy,
Since all ſo well ſucceeds, take my conſent.
W.S. Then ate we all pair'd, I and my laſſe,
You and your wife, the lawyer and his wench,
And father fall you aborde of the widdow,
But then my brother. *T.S.* Faith I am a foole.
W.S. Thats all one; If God had not made
Some elder-brothers fooles, how ſhould witty
Yonger brothers be maintain'd,
Strike vp Muſick, lets haue an old ſong,
Since all my tricks haue found ſo good ſucceſſe,
VVeele ſing, dance, dice, and drinke downe heauineſſe.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

THus two houres haue brought to end,
What many tedious houres haue pend,
A dares not glory nor diſtruſt.
But he (as other writers muſt)
Submits the cenſures of his paines
To thoſe whoſe wit and nimble braines,
Are able beſt to iudge: and as for ſome,
Who fild with malice, hither come
To belch their poyſon on his labour,
Of them he doth intreat no fauour,
But bids them hang, or ſoone amend,
For worth ſhall ſtill it ſelfe defend,
And for our ſelues wee doe deſire,
Toule breath on vs that growing fire,
By which in time wee may obtaine,
Like fauours which ſome others gaine:
For bee aſſur'd our loues ſhall tend,
To equall theirs, if not tranſcend.

FINIS.

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